f5747
14

The Forum

JULY, 1921

THE SOVIET USES THE ALLIES

By COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY

IF I were asked, "How can the folly of Bolshevism be maintained in Russia and how can this epidemic be spread all over the world," I would say:

"Let the Allies continue their policy; let them do what they did during these past three years, and Bolshevism will be alive; and soon—very soon—it will spread its murderous wings all over Europe, all over the land. Keep Russia blockaded, fight her whenever you can, and Russian Bolshevism will flourish."

If I were asked, "What is the way to destroy completely the civilization of Europe?" I would say:

"Continue what you have been doing these last years and you will promptly succeed. The material ruin of Europe has already been accomplished. Now comes the moral decadence. The antecedent of decay is already working. Chauvinism has already blinded and demented some of the most progressive nations of the world, and the great words of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality have become synonyms of egotism and selfishness. The ultimate ruin of Europe will come sooner than you even think. It will come when the alliance with Germany and Russia will have been

U OF I
LIBRARY

achieved. It can become an aggressive alliance. A social revolution is easily staged, and under the guise of Bolshevism such an alliance will sweep out the whole civilization of the world."

It may yet be possible to prevent the disaster. Let us hope that it is not too late. But, in order to prevent it the whole policy of the rulers of this world must be changed, the policy of the Allies entirely and of America in part. It has to be understood that the world cannot return to normal conditions until Russia is stifled under the dictatorship of the Soviets. Russia is the key to the solution of all the social and political problems. As long as Russia will be ruled by a group of mutineers, as long as she does not get a government of the people, mutiny will threaten the whole world.

Bolshevism is dreadful because it gathers around itself all the merely discontented elements of a nation. Such elements can be found in any country, and there is no doubt that they are now numerous throughout Europe. They are lifting their heads and are becoming bolder and bolder. They are waiting only for an opportunity to act. They are looking around for a banner, under which they will be able to gather. This banner is Bolshevism.

Let me quote from the last article of the Russian writer Andréev, which he wrote a few days before his death. I cannot find a stronger definition of Russia than the one he gave. Speaking of pre-revolutionary Russia, he says:

"A powerful country, talented but as yet undeveloped, and badly ruled, Russia was the first country that turned the destructive fires of the war into the consuming flames of the red revolution. This was in 1917, and then Russia was still a great Empire. What is she now? Today Russia is a heap of ruins—rubbish without a name—a bloody chaos of fratricidal war. Here are tears and ruin and the wreck of millions of lives; the Hell of Dante incarnated in the life of the actual present.

"What is responsible for this terrible crime? Many say

the Revolution. No! This outrage has been committed by Mutiny, which was born simultaneously with the Revolution, which assimilated itself with the Revolution; which stole her mottos and perverted them; which deceived the people and strangled freedom of life!

"The struggle of the Revolution weakly defending itself against the savage offensive Mutiny—this is what was going on during the summer of 1917, until in October the sun of the Revolution was dimmed forever and Mutiny got into absolute power.

"Who are they—the Revolution and the Mutiny! They are children of the same mother. They are twins. When they were born in the beautiful halo of the fire burning the throne of the Romanoffs, everything seemed beautiful and joyful; both these children seemed so innocent that it was difficult then to find out that they were Cain and Abel; it was impossible then, looking at these innocently playing children to foresee that the fatal moment would come when Cain would slay Abel, and would leave on this earth his damnable progeny.

"Liberty, the generous mother of these two children, like Eve, was mistaken, nursing them both. This origin of Revolution and Mutiny, both being projected from the same root; this striking resemblance that they had in childhood, the resemblance that does not allow one to discern the future murderer from the victim—this is the greatest danger of every Revolution. The fatality of the fraud, preventing the discernment of the deadly poison as distinguished from the healing medicine, is further increased by the fact that Mutiny has no language of its own. When Mutiny comes alone it can develop only as a miserable, infuriated, wild beast; but when Mutiny is born together with Revolution it appropriates the language of the Revolution, its mottos, and even its political programs. It has the same flag, cries the same battle slogan, 'Liberty,' claims for all the same equality and brotherhood. And this always deceives Revolution. In those who yesterday were silent or could only

17424

stammer, and who are today repeating her speeches, she sees her followers, her friends and her brothers; and she does not understand that the name of this brother is Cain, and when she discovers his name it is already too late—so much too late! Being deprived of thought, Mutiny does not consider the future; it is limited to the present. Its law and its desire are: 'At once and at any cost!' Being devoid of any rational idea, it does not show any impulse other than its own narrow, egotistical wish, even if the fulfilment of this wish should threaten the whole world with misery and ruin. When Mutiny feels strong it is wild and cruel. But this same Mutiny, when power is not on its side, is infinitely base and cowardly. And no one can so easily change from arrogant pose to humble slavishness as Mutiny. It has no shame and no care for the judgment of the future."

Speaking of the elements which compose the Bolsheviki Andréev says:

"No other national party ever succeeded in gathering under its banners so many thieves, murderers, wicked degenerates; such a tremendous army of dullards and beasts!

"Call whom it wishes, it gets only thieves, among whom one can see but a very few honest but foolish dreamers and doctrinaires. If it cannot be said that every Bolshevik is a rascal, yet there is no doubt that every rascal in Russia is now a Bolshevik. Just as truly as these same rascals belonged before, and will belong in the future, to the Black Hundred—just as truly are they now ready to become anything that will give them a living and protection."

Such is the terrifying definition of Bolshevism and its tools, made by one of our greatest Russian writers, and I must say that I could not think of a better description. And here naturally comes the question: How much of the population of Russia is infected with this contagious disease? Is it a national movement or is it forcibly grafted on and forced upon the Russian people?

When the Bolsheviki seized power, first in Petrograd and then in the army, the movement was confined exclu-

sively to the laboring classes of the cities and to the army. The villages took no part in it. The peasantry were then busy getting into possession of the land that was left to them by the bourgeoisie, and as long as the Bolsheviki allowed them to do so, the peasantry remained quiet. They were passive as regards all political and social questions. The prices of their farm products were increasing, a tremendous volume of paper money was flowing into their hands, and for a certain time the peasantry seemed to have no reason to complain.

But such a state lasted only a few months. Soon the peasant found out that his money had completely lost its purchasing power. The Bolsheviki began to invade his home, depriving him of his crops. A new administration that was inconsistent with his mode of life was imposed on him, and he found himself oppressed by the new rulers as he had never been before. At the same time soldiers were drafted, and he was told that Russia was now fighting for the sake of her liberty against foreign invaders who wished to restore to Russia the former government of the Czar, and who would take away from him his land and all the liberties that he now enjoyed. When this same peasant tried to buy a scythe or an axe, or a pound of salt or sugar, he was told that such things could not be gotten as Russia was blockaded by the Allies. He was made to believe that the Soviet government was doing everything in its power, but was helpless because of foreign wars. The peasant then returned to his village and remained secluded. He learned to accommodate his life to the new state of affairs, returning to the primitive condition of his ancestors. He produced his own cloth, linen and leather, his wooden plow and axe. When they were compelled to elect a soviet, the peasants appointed people to perform this duty by turns, just as they would appoint their nightwatchman or shepherd, and when they were invaded by a raid of commissaires from outside, who came for the confiscation of their crops, they hid their wheat in the ground and fought for it.

The gap between the country and the city is gradually widening, and the whole of Russia is now divided into two parts and two parties—the agricultural villages and the Bolshevistic cities. These two are absolutely disconnected, the only link still joining them being the occasional invasions and robbery practised by the hungry Bolsheviki. The peasantry, as a whole, are violently opposed to the government of the Soviets, and if a few of them are in favor of it that merely signifies that rascals and thieves can be found in all classes. What we see in Russia now is the economic war of the starving cities against the only producer of the country, the peasantry. Having robbed the bourgeoisie of all the wealth possible, having destroyed all the industry of the country, threatened by starvation, the Bolsheviki are now savagely and cynically robbing the only remaining vital element of the country, the Russian peasantry.

Many devices have been used by the Bolsheviki for the purpose. They tried first to convince the peasants of the benefit of the nationalization of their land and wheat. Naturally they failed. The peasant had agreed to take the land of the former land owners when he had been allowed to do so, but he now wished it for himself and refused to give up his crops. The policy of forcible confiscation had taught him to hide his wheat, and it often resulted in regular battles with the red soldiers. Then the Bolsheviki had recourse to that most wicked device of arranging the so-called "pauper" committees in the villages, which gave all power to the poorest peasants, hoping thus to arouse discord, using the paupers as spies and betrayers of their more fortunate brothers. This appeal to the basest human instincts also failed. After that, a new law was passed, permitting each peasant to keep as much wheat as he needed for his own family, allowing him forty pounds a month per capita, but compelling him to give to the government all the surplus. The result of this has been that much of the land now lies unused, the peasant not raising more food products than he needs for himself. Should there be a surplus, he sometimes

barters with a starving citizen for a bag of flour, a piece of furniture, a pair of shoes, or a piece of cloth or jewelry. But there is almost no surplus.

Next comes the question: Is all the population of the cities in favor of Bolshevism?

I believe it be a generally acknowledged fact that it is not. All the best intellectual forces of the country are helpless victims of a cruel dictatorship imposed on them by violence and terror. Many of these, pressed by hunger and prosecutions, fled to the villages where they live on the land; many of them fled abroad and are scattered in all the countries of the world; and the rest of them are driven into submission to the Soviet by the worst of all tortures, by starvation.

"We are suffering from apathy, loss of will, moral despair. What energy can one have if one is preoccupied, day and night, like a starving animal hunting his food?"

Such are the remarks that I hear from those who are compelled to endure the rule of Bolshevism in Moscow and Petrograd.

At the same time the civilization of Russia is gradually perishing. Most of the factories of Russia are closed; railroads are disabled; the little wealth that Russia had before the revolution is disposed of; and the complete ruin of urban Russia is already a fact.

Now naturally comes the question: How is it, that in spite of the complete failure of the Soviet government in all departments of life, in spite of the opposition of the overwhelming majority of the population, the Bolsheviki have spread and so long maintained their power over all Russia?

It is generally believed that the Soviets are holding their power by terror which they maintain with the help of their army. This is only partially true. No soldiers in the world can be compelled to support a government, to fight for it and to risk their lives unless they have an incentive that holds them together. Let this stimulus be unworthy, delusive, or

pernicious, but as long as it exists the army is in being. Take it away, and any army will fall to pieces.

Some incentives have been maliciously devised by the Bolsheviki. The first one was given to the Russian army in the summer of 1917. This was the abolition of wars forever. The power had to be transmitted to the Soviets in order to liberate the world from wars forever. What a cruel irony! And since then the Bolsheviki have been fighting continually! Next came the abolition of capitalism. This was easily done. No army was needed for this purpose. The bourgeoisie gave up all at once. The nobility left their lands to the peasantry.

We now come to what is, for America and her recent allies, by far the most important matter of all. If Russia were left alone, no new incentive for the existence of the army could be found. But here came the "help" of the white generals and their allies—the opposition of Kolchak, Denekine, Udenich and Wrangel, all of them backed by the Allies, giving a new and powerful incentive to the Russian soldiers. They were told that these "counter-revolutionaries" were fighting for the restoration of the old order, including the Romanoffs. They were told that all the capitalistic countries of the world were invading Russia in order to restore the reign of capital, and that if victorious they would take the land from the peasantry and give it back to its former owners. No better way to strengthen the spirit of the Bolshevist army could have been found. Being enlisted from the peasant class, the soldiers were now fighting for their land and for their personal freedom. The blame for all the privations, all the misery, into which the country was thrown, was now placed on the shoulders of the Allies, and the Soviet government was entirely justified.

Then came the Polish invasion, and the people saw the enemy invade half of European Russia and take her ancient capital, Kiev. After that, the last doubts were removed, and all the elements of the country, without regard to party, joined the Bolsheviki in expelling the invaders from their

fatherland. The Polish war gave the Bolshevik government that which it had completely lacked before—it gave it the aureole of Patriotism. Nothing else could have strengthened them so much as this unfortunate war!

The other "help" of the Allies is the blockade in which Russia has been held for three years. Being just as cruel as the first one, this kind of "help" was just as favorable to the Bolsheviki. Bottled up by the blockade, the Bolsheviki were left free to organize their country in their own way without any obstacles at all, and they were given an easy excuse for all the defects for which they are held responsible. The cities are starving. Who is to blame? "The blockade of the Allies," they say. The railroads are disabled, again "the blockade"; there are no manufactured goods on the market—"the blockade"; no tea, no sugar, no salt, no tobacco—"the blockade." Everything that goes wrong is attributed to this and nothing else. The blockade justifies the Soviets and puts all the blame on the Allies. The blockade also confirms the idea of the Russian people that all the Allies are enemies of Russia and are contemplating her utter ruin! If France, England, Italy and America are the enemies of Russia, then naturally Germany, Austria and Turkey must be her friends!

Another thing favorable to the Soviet government is the lack of direct information about Russia and the suppression of mail. A few days ago, I got hold of a book of true stories of Russian life, written by a Russian writer who is still in Russia, and recently published in Paris. It is a nightmare to read this book. One little episode out of it can do more to show the terrifying conditions of Russian life than any amount of generalities. Allow letters from Russia to be unhindered and true pictures of real life there will disgust all the world with Bolshevism forever.

The purpose of this article is to suggest to those whom it concerns most the outlines of a new policy towards Russia. This policy must be based upon the eternal moral standards, and is therefore the most practical and conceiv-

able. This is the renunciation of every kind of military measure and the entire rejection of any interference in Russia's internal affairs.

Two solutions of the Russian question are offered. One of them is against Bolshevism, the other in favor of it. The first is—*Not to recognize the Soviet government; to fight it with every possible means; to keep Russia blockaded for an indefinite time.* The second is—*To recognize the Soviet government; to lift the blockade, and to open trade relations.*

All the world is divided on these two alternatives—countries and political parties, as well as individuals. It seems as though these two solutions are the only ones possible, and nobody even endeavors to think that a third plan, different from these, is possible. As if the life of the nation was confined to a narrow path on which one can move in two directions only—forwards and backwards! I see great disasters and dangers ahead, not only for Russia, but for the entire world, at both ends of this path.

Let us analyze the situation. Can the government of Lenine be recognized? Certainly not. It is a fact that nobody now denies—that the Soviet government is the dictatorship of a small group of people who have seized power and are holding it by violence and terror against the will of the overwhelming majority of the country. No government, other than an autocracy, can be moved to recognize such despotic rule. Next comes the question of armed intervention and of the blockade, the dangerous policy which I have already touched upon. No aggressive acts against the Bolsheviki should be undertaken, and the blockade of Russia should be lifted at once.

Give the Russian people an opportunity to find out at last that it is not the Allies who are to be blamed for their sufferings, but their own criminal government. Does the lifting of the blockade mean the opening of trade relations? Yes and No. Yes—in the sense that nobody will be prevented from trading with Russia on his own risk if he finds

anybody in Russia with whom he can trade. No—in the sense that no country can guarantee to her subjects the endorsement of any agreements with the Russian people.

Let Russia be open to all countries. Very soon it will be found out that in her present state Russia has nothing to offer for the goods that she needs, as she has no manufactured goods at all, and absolutely no surplus of any kind of raw product. The lifting of the blockade and freedom of trade may not aid much directly. Indirectly it will open the eyes of the people of Russia and undoubtedly effect the prompt downfall of the Soviets.

The Soviet government realizes that very well, and this is why the negotiations of the Bolsheviki with England will never bring any result. They will prolong them as much as they can, and again, as before, they will place the blame on the Allies. Trade relations with Russia can be resumed in a regular way only after the downfall of the Bolsheviki, and after the power is given to the people themselves. This will be possible after the Russian people begin to produce, *i. e.,* after they get the incentive to resume their work. After that a considerable money loan will have to be advanced to the Russian people, and on the basis of this loan a new monetary system must be created. The country that will do this will get the Russian market, and with it the possibility to exploit the vast natural resources of Russia. There is an unlimited field for action. Here is the arena for the future activity of America.

The oldest democracy of the world will stretch her powerful hand to her youngest sister and these two largest and most powerful countries, united in a peaceful, constructive alliance, will then easily defy any aggressiveness of any other nation, and will help the material and moral reconstruction of the nations of Europe, partially destroyed, depraved and infuriated by the recent fire of hatred and war.

This article was written when the cable brought news of a powerful anti-Bolshevik movement in Russia. Nobody can prophesy the outcome of this outburst. Perhaps it will

still be suppressed by the mercenary troops of the Soviets, but in this revolt I see omens of a better future for Russia. There is no doubt that this is the beginning of the end. As soon as Russia was left alone, for a time, the true Russian spirit arose, and is now struggling for freedom. The friends of Russia must be ready to extend their help to the Russian people, not by sending them armies and ammunition, but by giving them food, clothes, and other supplies of which they are now in such terrible need.

FOOTPRINTS

By EUGENE C. DOLSON

Only yesterday
I traced your footprint
On the shore of the sea;
But the tides flow,
And the tides ebb.
Today there is no track
In the sand.

Once you stept lightly,
Very lightly,
Over my heart.
It was long ago,
But the footprint lingers.

THE KISS

By EMILE MALESPINE

"Kisses belong to the shadows but they shine
in the night like stars."—*Remy de Gourmont.*

HAVE you ever stopped to question why we kiss? Strange question! As well ask, why do we love? For in the rush of emotions that assail us in the act of loving, the kiss and love are inseparable. We kiss because we love. —It is an expression of nature, and, impossible that there should be any people who do not kiss.—But are we sure? There are countries where the practice is different from ours. And thus, if it is not universally the same, it may be a social development from customs and education.

To settle our doubts, perhaps History and Travel can give the answer, as we search briefly through the ages, and observe how at the present time it is manifested among different races.

The kiss seems to have existed since the most remote antiquity. The pagans who worshipped the heavenly bodies, paid them obeisance with a kiss of the hand. Open the Bible and at every page witness the embraces of sacred persons. Relatives kiss as they meet:

"And it came to pass when Laban heard the tidings of Jacob, his sister's son, that he ran to meet him, and embraced him, and kissed him, and brought him to his house."

In Genesis, Jacob embraces Rachel, his love and his steadfast companion:

"And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice, and wept."

And in the Song of Solomon we find the kiss of love in its most suave expression:

"Thy lips, O my bride, drop as the honey comb;
Honey and milk are under thy tongue;
And the smell of thy garments is like the smell of
Lebanon."

It was known among the Greeks; relatives, friends, chance companions of a voyage, cordially embraced each other, and the kiss of salutation was generally given on the mouth.

Homer speaks of it. In the Iliad, Thetis embraces the knees of Zeus. Priam starts to kiss the homicidal hands of Achilles. And Hector kisses his son, the little Astyanax, who is frightened by the warlike accouterment of his father:

"Then Hector quick put off the ponderous crown
And laid the casque and nodding horse-hair down,
Relieved the infant from its late alarms,
And clasped him, blooming, in his raptured arms,
Him kissed, and fondled dear . . ."

In the Odyssey, Penelope kisses the forehead and the eyes of Ulysses. Even in the legendary times of the Greeks, the kiss existed. Later, in all their writings, one finds it mentioned at each line. Aeschylus speaks of the "kiss of Lebanon." Euripides evokes the "cohorts of kisses."

In the following centuries, however, the kiss did not remain the same. Jean Psichari in a lecture delivered at Athens, then at Paris in 1894, sought to prove that the ancients did not know the kiss such as we know it:—the union of the lips, attended by a great crowding of sentiments and sensation, love, desire, fear, respect, modesty, the intoxication of abandonment. But here a distinction should have been made, for palpably the civilization of the Greeks in the time of Homer was not the same as in the time of Plato.

Thus the kiss is a mirror of civilization. It is rough and simple among primitive people where ungovernable and barbaric natures seek to satisfy only the brutality and violence of desire. Then as customs are milder, the kiss is

more subtle. It alone can be the epitome of love; it becomes spiritualized; it expresses the ever growing complexities of a soul more and more civilized and social.

And observe how the kiss gains in importance with the refinements of customs. There is an attempt to give it the maximum of voluptuousness. Among the decadent Greeks, the hetaerae in the schools of Melos and Lesbos teach all its varieties. There is an epoch of banquets and orgies. To the primitive caress, succeed the refinements of the Lesbian Sappho, or the Socratic kiss. In the festivals and public ceremonies, it holds an important place; at the festival of Apollo Philerian, a prize is awarded to the youth most adept in its subtleties.

The Romans, as well as the Greeks, knew all its perfections. Their philological wealth in this regard, is an added proof. Without counting the diminutives, they had three words for specifying the kiss: the "osculum" corresponds to what we should call the kiss of friendship; the "basium," more tender, was the kiss of relatives, and of husband and wife; finally, the "savium" applied to the kisses of lovers.

When at Athens and at Corinth, the Romans of the period of the Empire knew all the sublimities of voluptuousness. Virgil, Ausonius, Ovid, Horace, sang of the kisses of the young, more delicate than the perfumes of the Orient. The Falernian wine and the wine of Alba lost their savor if a kiss had not been left in the cup.

It is not until the middle ages that the kiss is fully idealized. At that epoch, it became sentimental, resolving in itself all of love and of complete self-abandonment. If Jean Psichari is authority enough, Dante was "the father of our kiss." In the Inferno, Canto five, where we read the story of Francesca and Paolo, we find:

"La bocca mi baccio tutto tremante."*

This is to be their whole existence—the two lovers eternally folded in the poetry of their kiss.

*My lips, all trembling, kissed.

It is possible that at this epoch only, the idealistic conception of the kiss was expressed; but it is probable that it existed long before. A people have first, epic poets and historians. It is not until an advanced period of their civilization that they have psychologists. They begin with recording events and no more; it is not until later that they analyze sentiments. And thus in the history of literature, the kiss of love which seems to be the natural act par excellence and the foundation of all others, does not appear until the last; it is not described until the epochs where civilization attains its zenith.

The first manifestations of the kiss encountered in literature are those which are furthest removed from the kiss of love. Thus the religious kiss, and the kiss of homage, appear rather as ceremonies, than as natural and spontaneous expressions of sentiment. The Bible shows us pagans kissing their idols. The Greeks and Romans had a special veneration for statues: there was at Agrigenta, according to Cicero, a marvelous statue of Hercules, of which the lips and the chin were completely worn away by the devotions of the faithful. Among the Christians, the religious kiss existed also. In the primitive church, before the communion of saints, the faithful gave one another the kiss of peace, until Pope Innocent the third abolished it because of the abuses to which corruption of the custom had led. The kiss was even matter for heresy. In the third century, the Gnostics, according to Saint Epiphanius, measured the degree of their faith by the voluptuousness they felt in the exchange of kisses. At present in the ceremonies of the Catholic church, the priest kisses a little silver plate called "paix," and during the celebration of the mass, kisses the altar on several occasions. The faithful kiss the slipper of the Pope, the ring of a bishop, and holy relics.

The kiss of homage also has existed since the most remote times. The kings of Israel ordained that in appearing before them, all should prostrate at their feet and kiss the ground. With the Greeks, kissing the knee was employed

particularly by suppliants. The Roman citizens marked with a kiss their respect for the principal magistrate, and the soldiers thus gave assurance of their fidelity to their leader. In the middle ages, the kissing of the hand, was homage that a vassal must pay to his lord.

So in different epochs and in different localities we can find in Europe the kiss in all its forms and with all its variations: everywhere, the kiss of love, the kiss of friendship, the kiss of homage, and the religious kiss.

But is it the same in other countries? Or does it exist among primitive people?

Darwin says that it is unknown by the Maoris, the Tahitians, the Papuans, the Australians, the Somalis of Africa, the Laplanders, the Eskimos. It would seem, therefore, not a universal expression. But if they do not embrace as we do, their mimicry reveals their sentiments. They rub noses, they tap each other on the abdomen. The Fiji Islanders, as a friendly greeting "hug like the grip of a bear." Billardière in the relation of his voyage of discovery, tells us that he has seen friends among the native islanders kiss with the tip of the nose.

Among the Chinese, says Paul d'Enjoy, in an article in "La Revue Scientifique," the kiss has a strictly voluptuous significance, and is formed entirely of olfactory impressions. Never in China does the father kiss his child, who, on the other hand would not think of kissing his parents. Among the Mongolians, the social kiss—the kiss of salutation and the kiss of homage—does not exist. It is strictly an act of love, consisting essentially of the inhalation of the delicate effluences from the skin. They do not kiss; they breathe the perfume of the beloved. Analyzing this briefly: they apply their nose to the cheek; for a long time they inhale, lowering the eyelids; then they lightly smack their lips, without touching their mouth to the cheek. Evidently, in this kiss the olfactory impressions above all are brought into play. There is no contact, no tactual impression. For them, our custom of kissing full on the lips is odious. "They show a

profound aversion for the repugnant act which consists, they say, in applying in a voracious fashion, like cannibals, two cupped lips, which from an instinctive salivation have become humid, and finally smacking this mouth with the sound of the sucking of soft things." They think that our kiss is really a suction. "The Europeans bleed a woman with their kisses," said the vanquished Annamese after the conquest of Cochin-China by the French. This belief soon vanished in the colony, except as a saying among the natives, who to quiet their children, threaten them with a white man's kiss.

But their idealization of their custom is only apparent. The Chinese kiss is not as they pretend—an ideal contact of love. Closing the eyes and smacking the lips, while inhaling,—they say—proves to the beloved, that the subtle emanations of her skin cause a fine frenzy of passion. To them this practice of olfaction is profoundly adoring. But the Chinese kiss, like our own, is at base psychological, instinctive.

Mantegazza tells us that he had a long discussion with a noble and intelligent Javanese painter, Baden-Saleh. Like all the Maylays, this painter found more tenderness in the contact of noses than in that of the lips. "It is by the nose that one breathes," he said, "it is by the nose that we sense the breath of the one we love; it seems to us that we mingle our soul with hers." Mantegazza pleaded for the lips, but as he says, "We could have argued the whole day without reaching an agreement."

So in this rapid excursion through the ages and among different peoples, even though we have seen that the kiss is not everywhere the same, we should not be led hastily to conclude from this that it is an acquired act. I believe on the contrary that it is basicly instinctive, that it is a natural expression—a mimic. And mimicry is the one, truly universal language. To explain: all our thoughts and all our sensations, tend to express themselves by action. These actions are spontaneous, automatic, and are the direct evidence of what we have experienced. But education modifies these gestures: we learn to be self-conscious, to moderate our movements, and of necessity to dissimulate them.

Moreover, according to locality and the influences of education, these gestures tend to vary a little, though the fundamental is always the same. This basic mimicry, in matters of affection is identical in all countries: the sentiment of well-wishing, or of love, tends to draw people closer to each other, resulting in contact. And it is in this desire of drawing close, of contact, that one must search for the psycho-physiological origin of the kiss.

I have demonstrated in a previous study which appeared in the "Mercure de France,"* that the analysis of the sense of touch is at the base of the study of the kiss. I shall not repeat the psycho-physiological reflections contained therein; but I wish, nevertheless, in a few words to explain how the kiss, an instinctive act, has been able to be transformed into a social custom, and take according to locality, different forms.

Beginning with a simple gesture, the kiss becomes self-conscious. By reason of the association of ideas, it produces in the mind an intimate connection between the mimic expression and the corresponding sentiment. A certain movement becomes the sign of a certain sentiment to such an extent that a man, in order to show that he approves,—or perhaps, that he disapproves,—will make the mimic gesture corresponding to the sentiment.

However, the true instinctive base is to be found in the sensation of touch, which Bain has said "is the alpha and omega of the affections". In turn, this sense is complex, being composed of three elementary sensations:—the sensation of contact, the sensation of hot or cold, the sensation of pain—each of which play a part.

According to the contact, the impression varies: the velvetness and the softness of the skin, can of themselves render a kiss more agreeable. Pathology shows this rôle of contact exaggerated, grown out of proportion, in the fetishism of furs. Heat generally augments the acuteness of our sensa-

*"Mercure de France," "Le Baiser, Essai de Psycho-Physiologie," Ie No. 1920.

tions. On the other hand, a cold and frigid contact is more apt to be disagreeable and inhibitive. The story of Chariclea and of Pygmalion, who are taken with a passion for a statue, shows us that there are, nevertheless, exceptions; the cold of the marble, says the legend, did not diminish in the least their ardor.

As to pain, it seems paradoxical at first to consider it as one of the elements of the kiss, which, so it would seem, is an agreeable sensation of variable intensity, possible of attaining voluptuousness. How then can one speak of pain in a kiss? I believe, however, that this element of touch is not to be neglected. Mantegazza admits there are for him "agreeable pains." Voluptuousness and cruelty are seen often associated together. Indeed, they have a great psychophysiological correlation. The kiss that is a bite, is nevertheless a kiss. In his "Penthesilea," Heinrich von Kleist shows us his heroine, who, taken with a fury of voluptuousness, wounds Achilles whom she pursues. Then sobering, she cries: "Have I kissed him, dead? No, I have not kissed him. Have I wounded him? Then it is enticing. Kissing and biting are the same, and whoever loves with the whole heart, can confuse them."

De Musset in one of his poems, L'Andalouse, also speaks of this voluptuousness of the kiss:

"Qu'elle est superbe en son désordre
Quand elle tombe les seins nus
Qu'on la voit béante se tordre
Dans un baiser de rage et mordre
En hurlant des mots inconnus."

This love of pain is to be seen above all among the degraded. Only a strong excitant can give to their weary and worn out nervous systems a sensation. They are the victims of irritable desires. All strong excitement produces pain. Thus one can imagine in the kiss, the voluptuousness of pain.

These sensations of touch awake in us mental images

which render even more complex the sensation. And the touch is not the only sense which participates in the formation of these images, for the other sense organs can also play a part. In the first place, the visual and auditory sensations have an indirect rôle: soft and laguorous music causes our lips to open and increases the worth of a kiss; the sight of beautiful eyes can make a kiss supremely voluptuous.

The other two senses of smell and taste are more direct. We have seen that among the Mongolians, the rôle of the olfactory sensations can become of even first importance. The gustatory sensations seem also to play an active part, and to taste a kiss is not always a simple metaphor, for of all the senses, that of taste differs the least from that of touch.

But nevertheless, it is to the touch that the most important part returns. And if the lips, as I have shown them to be, are in a particular way "the organs of the kiss," it is because, due to a special vascular development, the sensitiveness at this gathering point is far greater than at any other part of the body.

Further, we should observe that with children, the instinctive act appears towards the end of the first year, and with them the kiss derives suction.

Miss Shinn in "The Biography of a Baby," published in New York in 1900, has shown that an infant responds with sucking to all touching of its lips, and that this contact produces a real pleasure. The first smile, she says, that she could conscientiously record, was provoked by a touch of the fingers on the child's lips. Mantegazza cites the case of a baby, who to show his affection to people that he liked, would lick them with his tongue; but his mother, who found a real tactile satisfaction in caressing the satiny skin of her child, modified by her caresses this instinctive evolution of the kiss, and the baby soon associated the gesture with love.

This child kiss can, from early youth, have a sexual character—the observations of the Viennese psychologist Freud, have proved this—but as a rule, it is not until ado-

lescence that the real kiss appears, the kiss of love which contains something the others do not have.

Kipling in "The Light That Failed" describes well this particular point. We see two children, Dick and Maisie, who up to now have been chums, kiss each other:

" 'Oh, Dick, don't! please don't!' It was all right when we said good-morning, but now it is all different!' . . . Considered as a kiss, that was a failure, but since it was the first, other than those demanded by duty, in all the world that either had ever given or taken, it opened to them new worlds, and every one of them glorious, so that they were lifted above the consideration of any worlds at all, especially those in which tea is necessary, and sat still, holding each others' hands and saying not a word."

We see then how education can modify the primitive character of this act, basicly instinctive. A mirror of civilization, the kiss will vary with it.

At the present time it is one of the sweetest joys of love, and its usage is universal in civilized countries. As an ordinary manner of greeting, it has a large place in the social life.

Too large a place! say the hygienists. Numberless diseases are transmitted by the kiss; it must be forbidden. A few years ago, Mr. Ware, member of the Virginia legislature, formulated a law tending to limit the practice of kissing to those citizens of sound lungs and perfect general health.

There is the practice of kissing the Bible. Dangerous practice! again said the hygienists, and they manufactured a hygienic Bible while waiting for the era of antiseptic mouths.*

All of which, is trouble wasted. In spite of all the rules of the Draconians, in spite of all the dangers—the kiss persists, and will persist, for it is part of our very nature.

It is one of the manifestations, mysterious as life and the soul, which grow and flourish together before us a little while, then pass without revealing their intrinsic secret.

*"Journal of American Medical Association," 1899, "An Antiseptic Bible."

A NEW SPIRIT IN LITERATURE

By FELIX GRENDON

DARIE BASHKIRTSEV, in her diary, tells us how the reading of a single book by Tolstoy converted her then and there from a life of idle dreaming to one of enthusiastic work. Since the latter part of the nineteenth century this sort of experience has not been uncommon. One may frequently hear people say that a novel like Galsworthy's "Fraternity," or a play like Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," has changed their whole lives. Such an experience is a religious experience, not recorded in the case of older books and plays, though these may have been quite as notably or artistically written as the works of Galsworthy or Shaw.

What is the element in contemporary literature that gives it this special regenerative force? Briefly put, the answer is to be found in a study of the evolution of religious feeling. Up to the early Renaissance, as long as a belief persisted in a Divine power—a Divine power outside man—literature and religion were one. At the crest of the Renaissance, whilst a deep-seated atheism prevailed beneath the trappings and the suits of orthodoxy, literature and religion were divorced. In recent times, since the resumption of faith in a Divine power—a Divine power within man—literature and religion have joined hands again.

This evolution is by no means peculiar to the English-speaking peoples. Do not the Hebrew scriptures furnish examples of every stage of it, particularly of the first and the last stage? Listen to St. John: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was

God." Biblical citations like this might be multiplied indefinitely to show how keenly the ancient Jews felt that literature and revelation are alike begotten of the divine fire and that the Jewish literary man and the Jewish prophet is one and the same person.

Any literary expert of adequate modern training could demonstrate this identity with the greatest ease. He would characterize the opening books of the Old Testament—Genesis, Exodus, Kings, etc.—as historical chronicles (in parts, thinly disguised blood-and-thunder shockers) which read as thrillingly as the historical essays of Macaulay and share all Macaulay's picturesqueness, all his vivid imagery, all his furious partisanship, and all his supreme indifference to scientific detail. Nor would the Pentateuch exhaust the list of possible parallels.

Our expert would classify the Gospels as biographies less intimate than Boswell but far more readable and fascinating. He would describe the book of Jonah as a short social allegory in H. G. Wells' early fantastic manner; Daniel and Esther as historical romances; and the "Song of Songs" as a rapturous love poem which, in the absence of ecclesiastical sanction, our chaste librarians would surely consign to the forbidden shelf along with Baudelaire and the "Leaves of Grass." Ruth, again, would clearly be set down as a feminist novelette; Ecclesiastes, Proverbs, and Psalms as religious lyrics in free verse; Job as a modern miracle play; and Amos and Micah as impetuous radical tracts packed with the ferocity of Swift and the moral earnestness of Carlyle.

In contrast to biblical times, the modern western world has rarely furnished literary artists who were also prophets, or prophets who were also literary artists. Baring a few exceptions like Langland, Milton, Bunyan, and Blake, our Doctors of Literature have functioned chiefly as professional amusers. Their specialty has been the manufacture of voluptuous sense impressions, and the annihilation of

serious thought, on the principle that, with

> "A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou,
> The wilderness were Paradise enow."

But these verbal opiates, quick to narcotize, but powerless to cure what weaklings called the great disease of living, eventually lost their charm. Men began to suspect that the human mind had been developed for a purpose nobler than that expressed in the injunction to eat, drink, be merry, and otherwise to gamble with death. But what purpose?

This question, a profoundly religious question, was the cue for the modern author to step upon the scene and sweep away the old literature of sweetmeats, roses, and wine. The new writers were brimful of three ideas. The first was that, the human race having reached a degree of maturity which qualifies it to look the facts of life straight in the face, an attitude of realism is not merely possible but imperative. For, in the walls of man's earthly house the most alarming cracks are appearing, and the old business of nicely papering over these cracks, bids fair to land him in disaster.

The second idea was that the race must cease to sacrifice the new and sinuous rhythms of life to the stiff formalism perpetuated by class warfare. Men being interdependent, creative beings, the highest social satisfaction of any one man depends inexorably upon the free exercise of the creative faculty by all men.

The third idea was that man is the only earthly being that can, to some extent, forecast his own future. Also, that this prophetic power imposes on every person a supreme social obligation, namely, a partnership in the enterprise of fashioning a new social order, an order as far superior to the existing one in point of habits and ideas as the giant telescope and airplane are superior to the simple eye and leg.

From these three ideas the best modern imaginative writing may be shown to spring. The modern master of language who can inspire men with this message—a message not of their glorious heritage, observe, but of their glorious

destiny—perpetuates the old biblical revelation, and stands in the great religious tradition of Jesus and John; Wiclif, Luther, Milton, and Bunyan; Shelley, Blake, Tolstoy, and Samuel Butler.

We can now look more closely at the change which the new spiritual ferment has wrought in modern writing. Bernard Shaw long ago called attention to the savage humor that runs through English fiction, from Jack Wilton or Peregrine Pickle, to Mr. Midshipman Easy, or Dickens' apprentice novels of the Pickwick stage. If we dip into the best novels of this pre-Dickensian time, we shall find that any number of things which immediately repel or disgust us, are treated by the earlier writers as jokes. A poor man in rags is a joke; a yellow fever patient is a joke; a one-legged man is a joke; a drunkard is a joke; kickings, floggings, frights, fits, bunco-steerings—all are jokes, and in fact, "practical" jokes. The hen-pecked husband and the shrewish wife are jokes. So are the infirmities of age and the inexperience of youth. And it is capital fun for a magistrate or a public official of any sort, to insult and torment all those who come his way on business or for help.

To the modern writer these jokes have lost their flavor. Smollett's readers might split their sides over Humphrey Clinker shaking with chills and fever. But once you associate malaria with the mosquito, and the mosquito with filth or disorder, and the swamp in which the mosquito breeds with a crime for which you are as much responsible as your stricken neighbor—the side-splitting joke becomes mirthless folly.

Usually, the first result of facing the facts is a profound disenchantment. So it was at the end of the last century when the initial shock of discovery was followed by an explosion of muck-raking amidst which Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," and one or two other rockets went sizzling sky-high. After the atmosphere had been cleared, something like a fresh start was attempted. Crime began to be

treated as an infectious social disease, and disease as a preventable social crime, quite in imitation of the most daring ironies of Samuel Butler's "Erewhon." New theories of sex education, of woman's independence, of the emancipation of the working classes, were canvassed on all sides: every swallow twittered them. Soon, no institution was safe from a challenge to justify its right to exist by proving that it was helping man's progress, and not hindering it. The bolder analysts, Havelock Ellis, Ellen Key, the English school of fictionists, and Brieux, undertook a searching reexamination of social sanctions in the light of which most of the old Noachian jokes entirely lost their point.

One of the most ancient of these jokes or rather, joke cycles, dealt with the relations between men and women. When President Lincoln entered the White House, the youthful Shakespeare's view of women was still acceptable to an overwhelming majority of Englishmen and Americans of both sexes. According to this view, woman was a unique and separate species of mammal. And, oddly enough, while the female was rated more deadly than the male when she lived in a wild or unwedded state, she was thought to be quite tender and tractable when kept in captivity. The classic way for a woman to get a husband of any spirit was to turn the trick by which Beatrice landed Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing." The classic way for a man to treat a wife of any spirit was to use the masterful hand with which Petruchio subdued Kate in "The Taming of the Shrew." Both devices were held to be prime jokes, especially if you were an onlooker or a matchmaker, though it is true that, if you chanced to be one of the principals, you were suspected of laughing on the other side of your face.

Shakespeare himself developed a maturer view of the woman question, as more than one hint in his tragedies and in such comedies as "All's Well That Ends Well," betrays. But our western authors and readers did not catch up with Shakespeare until Ibsen and the great Russian realists woke them up. In all the English novels up to Dickens' middle

period, a woman's chief business in life is to get some man to marry her. The man may drink, flirt, loaf, gamble, be a thorough-going parasite or a complete moral idiot. Small matter. There is but one searching question that a woman puts in regard to a man. It is: Will he make a good provider? If the answer is yes, she cheerfully stoops to conquer any coy reluctance he may betray towards a state of wedlock. And the farther she stoops the more she is held fitted to inspire playwrights and poets to deathless masterpieces!

This patriarchal view of family life was not merely a convention of the professional fictionists of the last three centuries. It was, and still is, accepted as a grim or humorous reality by probably the larger portion of western mankind. And the situation has lost none of its oddity since Strindberg showed that the woman question is every bit as much a man question, and that the chivalrous protection of women by men in public is a mockery no hollower than the devoted service of men by women; the fact being that the helpless condition of the weaker sex in the market place is perfectly paralleled by the defenceless condition of the stronger sex in the home.

The sex romancers gnashed their teeth at Strindberg's alleged hominism as wildly as they had torn their hair at Ibsen's alleged feminism. But they could not crush the new idea. After the "Doll's House," intelligent people asserted that different sex conventions no more made men and women into two different species than, as Diderot long ago pointed out, trousers and petticoats, or the double standard of refinement did. The modern writers, feeling their instinct, honor, and deepest purpose involved in the creation of a new and freer world, adopted the spirit, if not the letter, of the Scandinavian tradition. They said, in effect: "If a man-made country leads unavoidably to the kind of public life so savagely and so justly satirized in Martin Chuzzlewit, and if a woman-made home leads unavoidably to the kind of slacker household presided over by Dora Copperfield, or by Mrs. Caudle of the Curtain Lectures, then the sooner

these dangerous sex-distinctions are demolished and the equal humanity of men and women recognized, the better for all concerned and the better for the future of the race."

This preoccupation with the future runs like a golden thread through all the best imaginative literature of our day. If we brush aside the artists of the sham picturesque, the trick arrangers of light and shade and color, the strikers of eccentric attitudes, the twisters of a false knowledge of Nature into a falser presentment of life, what remains? The men whose profession of art is more than the mere art of profession, in short, the men who have joined Havelock Ellis in putting their God at the end of the world instead of at the beginning.

In this temper the later, more specifically literary essays of William James are conceived. The same temper gives depth to the best work of Arnold Bennett, Galsworthy, and H. G. Wells, and to virtually all the work of Bernard Shaw. Mr. Wells, for example, has spent a lifetime making spiritual dashes into the future with the same courage and the same gallant indifference to ridicule that sends a Peary to the Pole, or an Alcock through the vast stretches of the trans-Atlantic sky. Or, take the case of Bernard Shaw. At a gathering in London, the present writer heard Mr. St. John Ervine say to Mr. Shaw:

"You have written a play about every subject under the sun, but not about God—I wish you would write a play about God."

Mr. Shaw promptly retorted:

"It is evident that you don't understand my plays: all of them are about God."

He might as emphatically have affirmed that all of them were about the future. For he is a towering instance of the modern purposive artist who uses all the force of his unrivaled genius to stir his fellow men to a point where they will desire to create the supermanly race which Ibsen majestically predicted in "Emperor and Galilean."

These maturer English writers, and likewise the younger British Guildsmen, Bertrand Russell, Henri Barbusse, Romain Rolland, and a few brilliant German fictionists in the Revisionist circle, are all widening the trail blazed by the earlier Russian and Scandinavian authors. A formula of Voltaire's sounds the keynote of the dominant mood in which they work. Voltaire said: "Society will be an interchange of wickedness and hypocrisy until all men have full liberty." Modern artists repeat the assertion in a more positive form, and with a greater emphasis on its social and industrial application.

But the new spirit has influenced even those writers who, lacking the specific religious sense, are entertainers pure and simple, however high their rank in this capacity. Mark what has happened to the Kiplings, the Barries, and the Conan Doyles of 1900, of the period when "Soldiers Three," Sentimental Tommies, and White Companies took two continents by storm. Where is the old rollicking faith in this best of all possible worlds, in this epoch of bullets and beer? Where is the skittish assumption that social evil is, at worst, a negligible by-product of a community of nature's noblemen and, at best, a sort of moral dumb-bell for the hero to get spiritual muscle by? Not but what Kipling, Barrie, and Conan Doyle are still past masters of the arts of romance and illusion; but they are no longer the men they were. And something more than age or experience has overtaken them, as a reading of their recent "Diversity of Creatures," "Mary Rose," and "Fires of Fate," will speedily prove. Their earlier plots and leading ladies begin to look like last night's tinsel and confetti seen in the sober dawn. And their confident optimism has yielded to a somewhat uneasy belief in an unseen life and an unseen kingdom in which man —part mortal, part God—may carve out a future of almost unlimited possibilities. Thus do even the old bottles accommodate themselves to the new wine.

The change in these men, often a purely superficial change from a state of spiritual doubt to a state of doubtful

spiritualism, was foreshadowed in the evolution of Dickens' work. There is a whole world of difference between the young Dickens who showed the comic-supplement side of sex relations in the case of Pickwick and Mrs. Bardle, or Bumble and Mrs. Corney, and the later Dickens who drew the family life of the Joe Gargerys with Strindbergian pitilessness and, in the portrait of Miss Havisham in "Great Expectations," gave a picture of sex inversion, more monstrous, repulsive, and cynical than anything in Strindberg's maddest Chamber of Horrors.

Still, pointedly reformative as Dickens became in his later works, he never actively got away from the St. George-and-the-Dragon notion of good and evil. In the Dickensian philosophy, evil remained a special visitation of Providence, and good people (like his readers) were not bound to assume responsibility for it. The presumption was, it is true, that they would combat it as good citizens and Christian gentlemen, or merely as a point of magnanimity or chivalrous humor. But they were not held to be under any moral compulsion to do so or to adopt the responsible attitude sublimely voiced by Aloysha in "The Brothers Karamazov," when he says: "We are *each* responsible for *all*."

That is, Dickens' social background never exhales that essence of human fraternity and interdependence which simply saturates the setting or atmosphere of any contemporary author who approaches Dickens in stature. Arnold Bennett, for instance, will write you a novel with a Pretty Lady in the leading part. But when you put the book down, you do so with a conviction that the Pretty Lady is a mere peg on which to hang Society, in more ways than one. Everyman and Everywoman are implicated. And though Mr. Bennett does not aim trip-hammer blows at the sore spots in our consciences as pitilessly as Ibsen or Tolstoy, he leaves scant comfort to those who resort to the infamous question of Cain as a refuge from final accountability.

The modern author, then, tars all our consciences with the same stick, or charges us all with a voltaic current of social responsibility. Herein lies the explanation of the hypnotic grip with which modern literature holds the younger generation. The new writers come preaching through the wilderness of industrialism, saying: "Repent, for the Kingdom of Hell is at hand—unless you create the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, by preparing for the future along godlike instead of diabolic lines." This call has acted on the nerves of our time like the rat-tat of a drum in a sick man's room. And the sharp shock it gives may well explain why many people condemn all modern literature as extremely unpleasant. But the frailty is in the passenger and not in the ocean, the ship, or the fog-horn, as Mark Tapley pointed out to his sea-sick and complaining fellow traveler. So the artist-prophet summons us to stop breaking the dead leaves or pursuing the dry stubble of the present, when we ought to be working for a rise in the value of the future. In effect, this is a summons to the spirit of man, a summons the like of which literature has not trumpeted abroad since the palmiest days of the Lollards and the Puritans.

Not the same summons, however. The Renaissance persuaded men that the earth was theirs and the fullness thereof. The Puritans strove to repudiate this gift by breathing anathema on the pomp and circumstance of Vanity Fair. Their failure demonstrated that we can no more disown the world than we can disown the flesh or the devil. But if we cannot repudiate, can we not redeem this scarlet trinity? Here is the clue to the radical difference in attitude between the Puritan artist and the modern one. The Puritan writer said: "A man cannot save his own soul, unless he lose the whole world first." The modern writer says: "A man cannot save his own soul, unless he *save* the whole world first."

In other words, modern literature is making reformers of us all. The responsible literary artist does not deny that

men can, if they so will, turn the earth into a sort of international Coney Island or continuous Broadway musical show of world-wide dimensions. But he warns us that, if we want a new world, a world that is neither a Purgatory of Pleasure nor a Paradise of ghastly Make-believe, we must get beyond the honey-dew school of literature with its dainty, sweetish pabulum of the "How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night" variety. We shall have to take to ruggeder fare. Our intellectual entertainment must make us experience the keenest joy of living, the consciousness that we are active in creating a finer, intenser social life. This is the New Word in literature—and the word is with God, and the word is God. It is the New Word with which the modern writer tunnels to the spiritual realities behind material facts, and accomplishes such startling conversions amongst the young men and women of our time.

THE CITY'S FACE

By OSCAR WILLIAMS

There is a dumbness in the city's face
  Taut with the speechlessness of tragedy;
If there be One Who flaunts the winds in space
  O surely from His window He must see
People slip down the city's face like tears,
  The stony city crying silently;
The dark hills huddle low, shutting their ears,
  Thinking to hear wild screams of agony.

If there be One, He surely must behold
  The boulders startled, suddenly alert
Under a windy night of crystal gold
  To see the city move in lust and dirt,
To see the city struggle in her bars,
  And lift a tortured face against the stars.

A COMMITTEE OF NOVELISTS

By N. P. DAWSON

IT used to be the easiest thing in the world to tell the rare good book from the thronging bad ones. It was almost as if you were walking down a crowded avenue, thinking you knew no one, when someone suddenly touched you lightly on the arm, and said, "Well, here I am!" And sure enough, there he was!

It was in some such unpretentious way as this that William De Morgan, for example, announced his "ill-written" autobiography some years ago, called "Joseph Vance," with its remembered opening taproom quarrel over who had the right to "crock the hinseck" in the pot of ale. For more reasons than one, it is pleasant now to remember these things.

But a novelist to-day, hell-bent on success, is likely to surprise you, and almost knock you over, with a resounding thwack on the back, while he twists your arm out of its socket, and paralyzes your hand in a vise-like grasp. "Here I am," he seems to say, "and I shall not let you go until you have bought (not borrowed) my book." The evil chances are he will also introduce a friend, or several friends, whom he insists upon your knowing—and likewise buying (not borrowing) their books. If you should succeed in escaping and be able to barricade yourself somewhere, the novelists will clamor at your doors, like the correspondents at Versailles, when Lloyd George likened them to "stones rattling on the roof."

This is how literature is being made and marketed to-day. It is difficult to read the books, because of the noise that is made about them. It is difficult to see the books,

because of the constant intrusion of the authors. They are everywhere in print and in picture and on the lecture platform. They lecture about themselves and each other. They are interviewed on the subject of themselves and their fellow writers. They dedicate their books to each other, in retail and wholesale. Sinclair Lewis dedicates his novel to two; Mr. Cabell to an even half dozen of his brothers in art. The novelists write poems about each other, or prose portraits, touched up beyond recognition, except to themselves. Some poets look like poets, it has been said; but all the novelists of a certain intimate group look like poets and geniuses to each other. They salute each other in published reviews, and are quoted in praise of each other in published advertisements. They could have taught even the Germans some of the sweet uses of propaganda.

But it should not be assumed that the modern novelist has usurped the critic's role, or the humanitarian's. He has simply added to his art of writing the greater art of publicity. The novelists have formed themselves into a Committee on Literary Information — not unlike the famous Creel Committee on Public Information during the war —to furnish information to the public about themselves. Publicity first, Amy Lowell said, and poetry would follow. The novelists have apparently adopted the same working plan, and have selected for their battle cry Disraeli's words to Queen Victoria, author of a lonely volume about a royal tour in the Scottish Highlands, "We authors, ma'am, must stand together." And how they stand! One of the novelists may speedily be dumped on the bargain counter, while another goes marching on. But they hold together. They see the wisdom in standing united lest they fall; in praising as they would be praised. "Review as you would be reviewed," as an amiable literary editor said.

Last fall, within a few weeks of each other, three novels appeared, of which we have since heard much. No one in the entire country could hardy fail in an Edison test to name the three. All together now: "Main Street," "Moon Calf,"

"Poor White;" with perhaps as a tiger, Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett;" and as a prayer, Mrs. Wharton's "The Age of Innocence." The first three novels, particularly, have been recited in our ears as a litany, until the titles themselves can never be forgotten, even after we may have forgotten what the stories are about. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say they have been shouted in our ears with the booming insistence of a demoniac and frenziedly directed college yell in the last half of a football game. The titles were apparently selected with a view to easy and rapid-fire repetition —two sharp and crisp one-syllable words: "Main Street," "Moon Calf," "Poor White." We can hardly repeat them too often. Mrs. Wharton was careless in selecting her title. "The Age of Innocence" does not shout well.

The three novels all had a middle-west background, which is apparently America's dark hinterland. All were located not far from the Main Street that is in every American small town. And the idea in each of the novels was that life on Main Street is unspeakably mean and narrow, and that Gopher Prairies and Mudcat Landings are places to flee from, and not to look back to—except for literary material. Perhaps Lot's wife wanted to write a novel about Main Street in Gomorrah.

However this may have been, Mr. Lewis' heroine makes a futile, and therefore tragic, effort to escape to Washington. Mr. Dell's "Moon Calf" escapes to Chicago, where his next story will follow him. The boy in Sherwood Anderson's story thinks that if he could only leave Mudcat Landing on the Missouri, and take one of the lighted trains that pass in the night, and go to one of the towns further east, everything would be happier there. Owing to the different endings of the book and play of "Miss Lulu Bett," we are uncertain whether she escapes to Savannah, Georgia, or another place, or stays at home.

The philosophy of escape is so tritely false, it is hardly worth discussing. However far Sherwood Anderson's hero might travel eastward, we may be sure he would find the

same hungry eyes of women gleaming through the shutters, men slinking around corners on illicit errands, and boys and girls disappearing down shadowy streets with their arms about each other—all on one amorous thought intent. Mrs. Wharton in her story strikes the sensible note, when the man having urged the woman to go away to some delectable spot where they can be freer and happier, the woman says she has known many who have tried, but who have always got out at some way station, where life was found not to be so different from what they had left.

Stefansson, the explorer, describing his life among the Eskimaux, told that always "to the eastward," there were barbarous and uncivilized folk, with no chins, and eyes in the middle of the forehead, and who not only ate with their knives, but ate strangers. Wherever he arrived, however, Stefansson says, he was treated with kindness and a hospitality entirely free from cannibalism. Although he always heard of the murderous crew living just beyond.

So we may imagine that like a child's ever receding horizon of hills, the places and people that are essentially different from the places and people we know, we seldom arrive at or see. They are always eastward, among the unknown. Mr. Chesterton, writing about Sinclair Lewis' novel, "Main Street," said that the march to Utopia and the New Jerusalem has always been the march to Main Street. He was, therefore, surprised on his recent visit to this country to find everybody apparently gloating over a story which told how perfectly wretched it was to live on Main Street; and who regarded it as an ugly and realistic, and, it follows, most artistic touch, for the story to end with an inquiry about so prosaic a household article as a screw-driver. Men have taken up the sword, and perished by the sword, Chesterton said, in order that a poor gentleman might live in his own little wooden house on Main Street, and be permitted to ask for his own screw-driver.

Because of their gloomy views, these novelists have been dignified by being called pessimists, or as they themselves

prefer to be named, revoltés. But far from being pessimists, they are Boy Scouts, doing a good deed every day for themselves and their little comrades in letters, doing, in short, as they would be done by. They are Tiny Tims, piously uttering "God-bless-us-everyone"—even Willa Cather and Mrs. Wharton, whom they graciously include in their company.

To choose good novels from the bad is also further complicated by the present-day almost inevitable accompaniment of movie and play. It is like trying to follow the three-ringed circus, to say nothing of the preliminary sideshow of serial publication. And when endings are juggled, as in the dramatized version of Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett," confusion is thrice confounded. It is all as difficult as the case of the three pairs of arms, which the girl artist in "Huckleberry Finn" painted in her picture, but who fortunately died before she was compelled to make a decision, and therefore left them all in: one pair of white arms uplifted tragically to heaven; another pair stretched forth imploringly in front of the distressed lady; and the third pair hanging down in complete dejection. In the same way, the three endings are put into Miss Gale's published play for posterity to choose. It is a bit spidery, as Huck said.

More than formerly, we must believe, it is assumed that a book that makes a fortune for its author, must inherently and of necessity be a work of genius. Money, and two shirts, and dinner jackets, and trips to Europe talk. We do not seem to recognize what Joseph Conrad has called "the shame of undeserved success." Yet such shame is seen almost every year. The late Mrs. Eleanor H. Porter for nearly three years was a top best-seller. Yet who would say that "Pollyanna" was as great a work of fiction as Mrs. Wharton's "The Age of Innocence," or Miss Cather's "My Antonia"? Sinclair Lewis has been magnanimous enough on the lecture platform to acknowledge that Mrs. Wharton is a greater novelist than he is, even if her novels have not sold as well as "Main Street."

It was a curious whirligig of chance, by the way, that brought Mrs. Wharton recently into the intimate company of a best-seller. She must feel like Dr. Johnson when Topham Beauclerk called him up in the middle of the night and told him to come out and have a "frisk." It is gratifying to know, however, that Mrs. Wharton has not lagged far behind in the frisking. Some novels succeed in spite of their worth; others despite the lack of it.

"Main Street" doubtless owes a good deal of its phenomenal sale to a lucky start. It had an excellent title, and it photographed in much realistic detail a familiar scene. But Mr. Lewis lacks the sympathetic understanding, the artist's detachment and taste. He is clever, but he is not fine. His types are burlesqued in a way to be amusing to those who laugh when the "Rube" on the stage makes his first acquaintance with a deep-cushioned and springy chair. While his Cultured Carrie is, of course, absurd. We cannot laugh at Gopher Prairie, because we are made to see it through the eyes of Carrie, and we have to stop to laugh at her. She is so "sensitive" and "beastly supercilious" and "difficile," that if she had not been also noble, she could hardly have borne it when Gopher Prairie said "Gents' Furnishings," instead of the more elegant Haberdashery, or when Doc, her husband, chased the fish around his plate with his knife.

When Mr. Lewis' friends discovered that his readers were enjoying Cultured Carrie, even more than Gopher Prairie, they valiantly rushed to his aid, and testified that the novelist, of course, intended his heroine to be as amusing as the rest. But this was manifestly not so, and in the play version, it will doubtless be seen that Carrie is the most charming and sympathetic of heroines, as her admiring creator intended her to be, when he tenderly introduced her gazing wistfully at her new home from the car window, "the arched fingers of her right hand trembling on the sill, the others at her breast."

As to what Sinclair Lewis and his Committee on Literary Information will do in the future, it cannot now be told. The witty Somerset Maugham, in his brilliant novel "The Moon and Sixpence," said of the younger writers:

"Their youth is already so accomplished, it seems absurd to speak of promise."

But one thing is sure. The method of boosting each other's books does not hold out much promise of permanent and honest success. A boom too often ends in a boomerang. If we were an author, we would cross our fingers and pray very hard and fast every time our friends started to shout for us. We would preferably risk a Nobel prize or a poet laureateship.

William McFee, who wrote "Casuals of the Sea," in a preface to his first book now reprinted—and whose latest novel, by the way, "Captain Macedoine's Daughter," is an infinitely better story than any of these stories more widely advertised—says he has a furtive notion that the people who gather in groups and coteries, and trumpet each other's wares, "are of no importance whatever." It is even an unsettled question in McFee's mind whether "any genuine artist loves his fellows well enough to cohabit with them on a literary basis." Genius generally works best alone—and quietly. That is the reason McFee stays at sea.

After wading through the muck so carefully raked up by some of our contemporary novelists, it is encouraging to find a really great man like Joseph Conrad saying that what surprises him about the "declared pessimism" of certain writers is "just its arrogance." It seems as if the discovery, made every now and then that there is much that is evil and ugly in the world, were a source of proud and unholy joy to the discoverers. "That frame of mind," Conrad says, "is not the proper one in which to approach seriously the art of fiction. It gives an author, goodness knows only why, an elated sense of his own superiority."

But Conrad knows that pessimism often pays, and that

revolt is popular. In a letter to Dr. Garnett, quoted in his volume "Notes on Life and Letters," he writes:

"For you know well, my dear Edward, that if you had Antinous himself in a booth of the World's Fair, and killed yourself in protesting that his soul was as perfect as his body, you couldn't get one per cent. of the crowd struggling next door for a sight of a Doubleheaded Nightingale, or some weak-kneed giant grinning through a horse-collar." For some reason or other the sunny side of Main Street is romantic and sentimental; while the shady side alone is tragic and real.

So perhaps we shall have to wait until all the shouting is over before there can be final judgment on some novels that have recently been so widely heralded. If Sinclair Lewis were a little more sophisticated, and a little less unbelievably naive about women; if Floyd Dell had more depth and sincerity, and less smooth and surface pose; if Sherwood Anderson would not keep up his sex tom-tom as incessantly as the drumming in "The Emperor Jones"—then perhaps we might be able to believe that the great and authentic American novel was in truth started on its way.

MUSIC

By Jo Felshin

Who has seen the music of painted lips,
Painted lips of a pretty, wasted lady?
Somewhere
I have seen a pot of faded flowers,
Shot with tiny streaks of red and white.
And I am minded of a little painted lady
With lips of brave, but O such sad, music.

Come, I will sing to you a song of dying,
Of painter lips, and faded flowers,
Dying.

A UNION OF UNIVERSITIES

By JOHN W. CUNLIFFE

"The universities of America and the universities of Europe form the link between the past and present which preserves our civilization. Unless we can preserve the continuity of education there will be little hope for the recovery of the world."—Herbert Hoover, speaking in New York City, Jan. 7th, 1921.

THE founders of the American University Union in 1917 laid no claim to the gift of prophecy, but if they had foreseen the distracted state of the world which was to follow the Armistice, they would have been more than ever convinced of the need of the organization which they set on foot as a war activity. As a war activity, the American University Union did excellent service in London, Paris, and Rome in promoting the physical and moral welfare of thousands of young university men on their way to or from the front, and in helping to organize the educational opportunities offered by British and French universities to members of the American Expeditionary Force in the disturbing interval that came between the conclusion of the Armistice and their return home. The Union at its foundation had stated that its general object was to serve as a bond between the universities of the United States and those of European countries, and with the gradual return of

the European universities to normal conditions on the cessation of hostilities, the scope of the Union's work was expanded rather than diminished, although the moderate income it had controlled during the war was necessarily reduced. The first step was to substitute more modest permanent offices for the temporary quarters in London and Paris occupied during the war, and thanks to the zeal and business ability of the directors in charge, this difficult transition was swiftly and safely accomplished. The center of operations in London was moved from Trafalgar Square to the more academic neighborhood of Russell Square, and that in Paris from the Royal Palace Hotel to a charming and convenient situation on the west side of the Luxembourg Garden.

This change in location was accompanied by the further development of connections between the American universities and those of France and Great Britain which had already during the war been placed upon a firmer and friendlier basis than ever before. Towards the end of the nineteenth century, the American universities, then engaged in the development of graduate work, had acquired the habit of looking to Germany, not because they underestimated the universities of France and Great Britain, but because the latter at that time offered less encouragement to American students in search of opportunities for advanced work, and they had drawn up their regulations for degrees in strict regard for their own academic traditions and national needs, without considering the desires or interests of the few Americans within their gates. The first efforts of the officers of the Union on service in London and Paris were directed to remedying this state of things, which was the result of accident rather than of design, and their efforts met with a cordial response both from the British university authorities, who established, under suitable regulations, a Ph.D. degree intended mainly for American students, and from the French authorities, who modified the requirements for the licentiate and doctorate so as to make them more accessible to American candidates. Pamphlets setting forth the oppor-

tunities for advanced study in France and Great Britain respectively were published, with the co-operation of the Union, by the Institute of International Education, and have been widely circulated among American university students and officials.

The American universities, like the British and the French, had developed their higher educational institutions without much regard to the interests of foreign students, and as it was intended that this international academic intercourse should not be one-sided it was evident that here too some adjustment was necessary. It was undertaken by a Committee of the American Council on Education (again with the co-operation of the Union), and after consultation with leading academic authorities, a general agreement was obtained as to the admission of holders of British and French degrees to graduate study in American universities. As a rule it is thought inadvisable to encourage undergraduates to divide their collegiate education between two countries. Those interested in the movement for international education have no desire to create a hybrid product—one half American and the other half British or French; their desire is to enrich the mind and enlarge the outlook of a genuine American student by encouraging him to see something of European life and education after he has taken his degree. Collegiate education is naturally planned to suit the needs of the community which has created and developed it, and the student who takes his undergraduate education abroad not only misses these advantages but loses the opportunity of making many youthful friendships which would be of great value to him in after-life. The committee, therefore, which had in hand the matter of credits for British and French students practically restricted its recommendations to cases worthy of admission to graduate study, and the same practice has been followed with reference to American students encouraged to continue their education on the other side of the Atlantic.

In assisting Americans to study at British and French

universities, and vice versa, various plans have been followed and various agencies have been established to attain an end which was obviously in the general interest. The Rhodes Scholarships did much to familiarize the public on both sides of the Atlantic with the idea, and the heroic struggle of France during the war stimulated American generosity to the provision of similar opportunities. The first band of French girls who accepted the hospitality of the American colleges which undertook to provide them with free board and tuition, came out in 1918, and in return the French universities offered similar privileges to American students, both men and women. The nomination of the latter was assigned to different American educational organizations, among them the American University Union, but after a time it was found expedient to entrust the whole business, by mutual consent, to the Committee of the American Council on Education, on which the other organizations interested are duly represented. A small committee of American ladies goes over early each summer to select the boursières in France in consultation with the French authorities, and the Office des Universités et Ecoles Françaises maintains a representative in New York to watch over their interests in this country and to promote French-American educational relationships generally. The American Field Service Fellowships for French Universities have sent a considerable number of American students for advanced work in French universities and promise to send even more in the future.

A similar interchange of Belgian and American students is being carried out with the balance remaining to the credit of the Comité National after the Hoover work in Belgium was finished.

The international exchange of professors began before the war and has been changed in character as well as developed in extent by war's vicissitudes. American professors go more to England and France and less to Germany and Austria than of old, and visiting European professors

at the American universities are mainly from the Allied nations. The fact that the British and the Americans speak the same language makes the transference of an American professor to an English university (or the other way about) a comparatively simple matter, though interchange in the strict sense of the word—i. e., an exchange of work between an American and a British professor—is by no means easy, on account of the different ways and the different scale of the organization of teaching in American and in British institutions of higher education. Thanks to the disinterested efforts of the late Sir William Osler, the opportunities for medical research in London are now systematically thrown open to American professors and practitioners, and in other subjects the British have taken the lead in organizing conferences on methods of teaching and research. The London office of the American University Union made it possible for the authorities of the University of London to carry through successfully last summer a conference of Professors of English from the United States and the British Dominions all over the world. A similar conference of Professors of History is to be held in London during the coming summer with the co-operation of the American Historical Association. In the summer of 1922 the Anglo-American Professors of English will meet in New York on the invitation of the President of Columbia University, and a conference between specialists in American and in British primary and secondary education is projected, to be held in this country, probably in the late summer or early in the fall of this year.

All these facts show that the need for intellectual interchange across the Atlantic has been realized by the Americans most directly concerned, those engaged professionally in higher education, and that they have done their utmost by simple and inexpensive organizations to meet the demands of the situation. The American University Union in Europe and the American Council on Education have been organized and sustained by the American universities,

at a time when their resources were strained to the utmost for their own needs.

If the world is ever to get out of the tangle of conflicting interests, prejudices, distrusts, and recriminations which just now afflict us in their most extreme form, it must be by the slow process of mutual understanding and appreciation. National differences of character, of ideals, and of achievement, there must always be, and no one in his senses would strive to do away with them; but when ignorance and prejudice inflame these differences to promote international dislike and distrust, we are living in a dangerous atmosphere which threatens not only every civilized nation, but civilization itself. The war brought the world close enough to the brink of disaster for everybody to realize this. Of the many influences which make for a better state of things, education is the most potent, and no set of people are more influential than those who are to have the training of American youth. An educated American who has seen with his own eyes what the British or French are like, will be able to dissipate many a mist of misunderstanding in his own community, and thus repay the debt of intellectual stimulus he has incurred by his residence abroad. The inheritors of European civilization on this continent—we owe little to the North American Indians—need to refresh their minds and spirits by visiting the homes of their fathers and coming into contact with recent developments of European science and art, just as the Europeans need to enlarge their vision by acquaintance with the achievements and purposes of the vast new civilization which has grown up on this continent. It is an intellectual interchange by which both sides are the gainers.

BOLSHEVISM IN THE THEATRE

By E. JEROME HART

THE insurgent movement in the theatre has its chief centre in Italy, where it may be said to have been taken by Gordon Craig some two score years ago. It is developing into something so anarchic and grotesque withal that it would be hardly necessary to deal with it here were not its theories and practice extending to the American stage. We are getting what is called the expressionist play, the synthetic drama of Marinetti, Ricciardi's theatre of color, the grotesque theatre, and Scardonai's dramatic polyphonism, or new dramatic unity, in which last we are told dialogue is to be deprived of its supremacy and made to fuse with other elements of the play—the pauses of silence, the words, the gestures, lights, colors, all of which will combine to establish "a cosmic zone."

The last idea was to a large extent exemplified in Mr. Arthur Hopkins' much talked of production of "Macbeth," while Mr. and Mrs. Maxfield Armfield gave a synthetic performance of Shakespeare's "A Winter's Tale," the main features of which seemed to be insistence on puerile details and almost complete neglect of the broad, general principles of dramatic production. Now, we are not going to contend that out of some of these ideas and extravagances good may not come, but when their apostles and advocates contend that they must supercede all other accepted methods of stage production, that colors will entirely take the place of scenery of any and every kind, that the human face will no more be seen unmasked upon the stage, and that the human voice will no longer be heard, but will be replaced by silent action, then it is time to join

issue and utter words of protest and warning against extravagances which tend to throw back the stage rather than to advance and develop it.

A striking example of the insurgent movement in play producing was afforded by the Arthur Hopkins production of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," which caused many animadversions as well as reopened the old controversy on the right and proper method of staging a Shakespeare play. It was obvious in the production referred to that those responsible took several hints from Ricciardi, using color not solely as a decorative element but as a psychological agent. The strongly prevailing color was red; the witches wore red cloaks, Macbeth's dull red cloak in the first act became a vivid scarlet robe when he was king, while Lady Macbeth's gown was the brightest crimson. This would have been well enough if there had not been other and more obscure elements in the staging which diverted attention from the play and puzzled and offended.

Now it is obvious that Shakespeare's plays live today, and will continue to live, because of their poetic and dramatic value, and one would think that there would be an agreement that the best way to produce them is that which preserves their poetry and drama. But the stage director and scenic designer are asserting themselves to an unexampled degree, and are experimenting and playing all sorts of tricks with the greatest of all playwrights. The actor is being to a large degree suppressed, according to the theory of Scardonai; and the person who controls the lighting effects is virtually the hero of the piece. Weird, disharmonious sounds, miscalled music, accompany the voices and actions of the performers, and it would appear that everything possible is done to distract attention from the play itself and to attract it to the staging and accessories.

Clearly it is not at the moment a question of the authentic manner of producing a Shakespeare play, of the preservation of any tradition from the days of the poet himself, when his works were given at the old Globe and Fortune

theatres. Nor is it a matter of presenting them with excessive literalism and over elaboration of scenic and sartorial details, such as now and then called down on the heads of Kean, Irving, Tree and other actor managers the denunciations of those who preferred, or said they did, their Shakespeare presented with what someone styled "ostentatious simplicity." The tendency of the moment is rather towards meagreness of stage *décor,* while an attempt is made to symbolize the play by eccentric details, to substitute impressionism of an obscure character for realism, to blot out the background altogether, and apparently to suspend the actors in space by flooding them with light and surrounding them with almost inky blackness.

These things might be tolerated did they not so palpably hinder the actors and prevent due appreciation of the drama itself. When, however, a producer of a Shakespeare play deliberately and obviously sets out to assert himself, to push his own work into the foreground and that of the playwright into the background, and when his apparent object is to surprise and shock or, as the French say, *épater le bourgeois,* it is time to protest.

A few years ago we used to hear a great deal of grumbling about the tyranny of the actor-manager, his unwarranted assumption of principal parts and monopoly of the limelight, and so on. Today we are witnessing a complete revolution. The actor-manager is overthrown and in his place reigns the play-producer. It is something much worse than the old autocracy. It may, in fact, be compared with the substitution of Bolshevism for Czarism. Stage revolutionaries are endeavoring to overthrow all our accepted ideas and to shatter our most cherished imaginings. They are deliberately attempting to crush our affection for fine verse eloquently delivered, for strong drama effectively played, and fierce passions movingly portrayed, and are substituting for them bright lights, profound shadows, weird shapes and freak costumes.

The last thing which the modern Shakespearean producer seems to think of is the play itself. As for the unfortunate actors, they only get "a look in" when it suits the new stage tyrant. They are compelled to adapt their readings or conceptions of their parts to their depressing and occasionally startling surroundings, to modify their interpretations to suit the views of the person who arranges the stage draperies, designs the costumes, and manages the lamps. They must carefully modulate their voices to suit the theories of a stage director who holds that the play is not the thing, and that a great medieval tragedy should be played in the method and tones of modern society, that individuality on the part of the actor is a thing to be suppressed, that the only "high spots" permissible are the spot lights, and the only color which can be tolerated is that of the curtains and clothes; who contend that a drama, however movingly written, should be static rather than dynamic.

The result of this new stage tyranny when applied to a Shakespeare play is that nearly all the poetry and drama and the contrasts and interplay of character are lost. While anticipated and essential stage effects are missing, a number of unessential and often distracting details are stressed, until the audience, at first puzzled, becomes bored and ultimately angry. Undoubtedly the producer has succeeded in creating a mood, but it is the wrong sort of mood. All is on a dull and depressing level of uniformity and obscurity. There are no moments of beauty and exaltation, as well as thrilling tragedy or high comedy, such as one recalls in connection with certain memorable Shakespearean productions by Booth, Sothern, Mansfield or Irving.

There can scarcely fail to be a strong reaction against the theories and practices of these new stage tyrants, these Bolshevists of the drama, and it may be hoped that their rule will be as brief though not as disastrous as that of most extreme revolutionaries. Better a hundred times reversal to the old literal and realistic methods, even the anachronisms of Garrick and others, than this stupid and almost

U OF I
LIBRARY

meaningless impressionism and ultra-symbolism of extravagant and reckless insurgents. One at any rate was not distracted from thoughts of the drama or appreciation of its poetry by the scenic representation of a wood which really resembled a wood, or a castle which looked like a castle and not a gigantic molar. Nor did a few more or less awkward supernumeraries prevent the enjoyment of the performances of the more skilful and better-graced principals. Today, while the principals are converted into mere mumbling and posturing accessories to the scenic production, the supernumeraries are rendered absolutely static, giving the whole thing a rigid and unreal effect.

Shakespeare wrote his plays with a view to his own theatre and its resources. There was little scenery in his time, and use was made of the front or apron stage and the curtained back stage, which permitted of a certain amount of scenic setting while the acting was proceeding. Many experiments have been tried since, and experience has shown that the best method is the adoption or adaptation of the apron stage, by which means the plays can be given much as they were originally written, that is without mutilation of text or unduly changing the sequence of scenes. Where the apron stage is unavailable, such a method as that adopted last season at the Plymouth Theatre for the production of "Richard III" seems as good as any, that is the use of draperies, with occasional elaborate set scenes. By this means there is sufficient spectacle and variety to please those who like that sort of thing, while none of the drama and poetry need be lost.

Doubtless Shakespeare would have been glad to have availed himself of some of the resources of the twentieth century theatre, though the modern proscenium and single stage are by no means an improvement on the arrangement at the old Globe. On the other hand, he would never have tolerated some of the experiments and alterations which have been made in his plays, unless, like too many modern

playwrights, at the mercy of some tyrannic managerial producer.

Perhaps it is beside the question to indulge in such suppositions. At any rate it can be asserted that the public will not tolerate productions of Shakespeare's plays in which the producer works his wicked will and destroys most of their poetry and drama. They would much prefer the old actor-manager *régime,* which gave them elaborate and not infrequently beautiful productions and memorable impersonations. Hazlitt tells us much about the great actors of his day in Shakespeare's plays—how they looked and acted; but he says nothing about the productions or the producers, if such gentry existed in those times. The less we see or hear of some of them nowadays the better. At any rate let them reserve their experiments for plays less known and regarded than those of Shakespeare.

We want to get back, if possible, to the days of grand acting, by which is not meant mere mouthing and ranting or excess of gesture, but acting which dominates the scene and thrills the audience. Better an excess of emotion than the spiritless anemic performances which the modern producer forces on the public. If it be a case of pleasing the eye or satisfying the heart and the intellect in drama, then let it be the latter. The extremely modern producer often offends all three. We do not want Shakespeare mangled and emasculated, nor do we wish to see his plays presented as a series of tableaux vivants. Simplicity and dignity of *décor,* combined with occasional elements of richness and detail, should be aimed at, but the trappings should never be permitted to interfere with textual values and obstruct the actor's impersonation. The less one realizes the scenery and dresses and the more one realizes the poetry and drama the better. The mood should be created by the actor rather than by his surroundings, although such things can be made to assist very materially.

It is time in fact to put the producer where he belongs, in the background, and to restore the actor to his rightful

place. In doing this with respect to Shakespeare's plays we shall be effecting a stage reform of the first importance.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

By FLORENCE ADA REID

Dark portals of the Past that lead alway
Into the shadows of the things that were,
Where phantom castles tower, cold and gray,
Beckoning fearful minds with strange allure
Of ancient halls of myth and mystery,
Where dwelt the revered thoughts of history.

Windows of the Future, that peer afar,
Seeking the misty dawn wtih dim, strained eye,
Unmindful of the world and things that are,
Impatient, weary, stiffling a sigh,
Her glories linger on the distant hill,
And take thy scrutinizing gaze but ill!

The Present lies around us and the light
Of day comes filtering from above,
Naught in the Future lies, or Past of might—
Only the Present lives; only that love
Which can endure the sun of day can give
Beauty to make the Past and Future live.

MYSTICISM AMONG JEWS

By M. GASLER

THE history of the Jews stretches back so far across the ages that any movement that arises within a century or so from present times may be deemed to be modern, especially when it is still a living force, and exercises a deep influence upon a large number of people. Such is the case with the Chasidic movement, which might rightly be translated "the mysticism of the Pietists or Quietists." The origin of the movement is difficult to trace; though mysticism is not alien to the Jews, neither is it alien to other races. It lies at the root of all speculation concerning faith. All the problems of human life are inextricably intertwined with these esoteric speculations. Even such an exact science as Mathematics in its highest form cannot dispense with mystical speculations. Mysticism however, in its closer relation to human life, presents some features which are of the highest interest for the study of the human soul. Eratic though its manifestations seem to be, a closer investigation reveals some peculiar features which indicate that even there where everything seems to be arbitrary and chaotic, the movement follows certain definite rules.

Mysticism seems to be marking the parting of the ways; it seems to lead from one era to another between sunset and night, and between night and the morning there is always a certain twilight which leads insensibly from one to the other. It is the very period in which according to ancient Jewish tradition the ghosts and demons were created. It is the water-shed which marks the place from which the two rivers Science and Faith begin their flow, and when

both are beginning to dry up, man tries to follow them up to their ultimate source, and there he meets mysticism. Or to put it in another simile, it is the fourth river flowing from Paradise which seems to be lost; it flows under the ground. Some ears better attuned are able to follow its murmuring under the soil, at certain times however, it bubbles up and comes to the surface, and then people drink of it, and get drunk with the ecstasy of Paradise. Again it dries up and sinks into the ground, to re-appear elsewhere when it has precisely the same effect.

We are living in a similar period just now when Faith is waning, when Science is beginning to lose its hold. Moral disintegration on one side, and the failure of science to keep its promise of finding the key to the final problems, have profoundly shaken the world. Minor details have contributed towards this decay; a wild criticism of the sacred Scriptures has sapped the belief, and the use to which Science has been put in destroying humanity and civilization, has robbed the world of all happiness and joy.

It is the period known in Teuton Mythology as the twilight of the gods. We are in an epoch of transition, and who can say whether it is for better or for worse? This is precisely the time when mystical speculations arise, and mystical practices re-appear. They had apparently long been forgotten or assigned to the lumber room of what is called the Middle Ages. Yet it is quite natural in the light of historical investigation that we should again be face to face with them, and try to understand the riddle of the Sphinx which they present. Essenes and Gnostics, and other Hellenistic mystical schools and speculations flourished at the time when Christianity was born, and all the practices recorded of that period, magical conjurations, the appearance of ghosts, the casting of nativities, palmistry, and astrology, all re-appeared at the break up of the Middle Ages.

With the end of the eighteenth century, an era again begins to set in which has not yet reached its culminating

point, and the old familiar spectres flit across the human stage.

It was towards the end of the eighteenth century when the French Revolution was at its height, that Reason in the shape of a beautiful woman was enthroned as the new Goddess, and the people ordered to worship her instead of an ancient god that had been banished. It was precisely the same time that in the forests of Podolia the love of God was enthroned and the echo of the enthusiasts chanting hymns of divine inspiration reverberated among the Carpathian Mountains of Bucavina and Maldivia. The flaming passion of Revolution scorched and destroyed everything that it touched; the flaming love of God warmed and illuminated and vivified thousands of hearts. This parallelism is symptomatic. They were the premonitary signs of a new era, the world travailing to give birth to a new conception of life which would break on the one hand the political and social bondage in which nations had been held, and on the other a kind of spiritual bondage which weighed heavily upon the masses in the near East; in both cases the desire of seeking new freedom.

Yet while there is this parallelism, there is also a profound difference, for in the one case it affected a nation which had reached at that time the highest form of civilization in art and science, in the other it affected a nation that lived in its world into which it had spun itself in the course of centuries. The dull despair of the masses in the west, groaning under the tyranny of court and aristocracy, church and state, kindled the flames of the revolution. The dull despair of the masses in the east, groaning under continued persecutions and pogroms, engendered that mystical love which helped to raise them above the miseries of their daily life. Joy, happiness, and contentment, long banished from the midst of the Jews in Podolia, Galicia, Poland, etc., entered again into their hearts. The extinguished lights were again kindled. It was as if the lost river of Paradise had

bubbled up; and the people drank the waters with the ecstasy of divine exaltation.

The human soul yearns for light and love. It tries to reach out beyond the temporary uncertainty to something certain, and beyond temporary weakness to everlasting strength. Mysticism then takes a double course. The mystic turns his back upon the world; it has nothing to offer him. He retires to his cell and gives up his life to deaden all passion.

The world is dead to him, and he concentrates upon blissful speculation, and esoteric illumination brings him nearer to the source of all good. This contemplative life leads to asceticism and to the life in the cloister. It is a corollary to the morbid notion of the world being a vale of tears, and that man has to mortify his flesh if he is to save his soul.

Others turn to less exalted speculations. They cannot tear themselves away from the world and its temptations. They would like to find the riddle of life by appealing to some unseen power, imaginary or real. Amidst a world that is rocking on its foundations, they are anxious to lay hold of something which will save them from the universal cataclysm. A blind unreasonable belief in the practice of magic veils the serenity of faith, and induces people to mock at the results of assured scientific investigation. Hence the stupendous outburst of superstitious practices at the time of the French Revolution, and almost at every period when the life of man is seemingly led into new channels.

In the checkered life of the Jewish nation, it sometimes came to pass that all the three rivers of Faith, Science, and Mysticism were flowing side by side, according to the circumstances under which the Jews lived and the countries in which they happened to be. Moreover, philosophic rationalism often ended in mystic speculation. In the Kabbalah, the reputed mystical tradition of the past into which all the manifold systems of speculation had been blended, seemed to open new avenues to the baffled spirit. Yet in one

point the Kabbalah differed from any other esoteric teaching. It never led man out of the world, but on the contrary, it led him into a world and taught him to find in it the wisdom and the love of God. A new connection was established between man and his Creator; a kind of interdependence as it were, between his actions and his thoughts, and the divine grace and favor.

This was the lesson which a man, who up to the time of his appearance as a new teacher had been totally unknown, spread among the masses. He was not reputed as a scholar, nor famed for his earthly riches; not connected with the great of the land, but a man living in humble circumstances —a certain Rabbi Israel, who came to the people who had been the victims of numerous pogroms, and brought to them the message of salvation by love of God. Unbounded confidence in that love was the only means to obtain in this world all the happiness and joy, and become hereafter worthy of the bliss in the world to come. Each act which a man performs must be done not as a duty imposed by legal prescription, but with a devout intention of manifesting thereby the deep attachment to the all abounding love of God.

It was the Kavanah, the mental and spiritual disposition alone, which counted, and not the deed itself. And this principle assumed many forms. It led even to the neglect of some of the religious duties, for what did it matter whether a man neglected to say his prayer for some days, if on one day, carried away by spiritual exaltation, he felt himself immersed in a prayerful mood, and uplifted by that sentiment, he knew that he was approaching his Maker; that he had drawn nearer His Throne by the outpourings of his soul. Piety, meekness, and above all self-effacement, were the cardinal virtues which saved man from temptation and misery. This secrecy of action as it were, was one of the prominent features of this new doctrine. Man is not to be judged by his outward appearance or even by the outer forms of life. It is the outward simplicity which as such

claims neither for honor nor for any recognition, which is one of the characteristics of the real "Zaddik"—the pious and righteous man. He is the true pillar of the world, the very foundation upon which rests human society, which he saves by this retired pious and devout life.

Many a wonderful story is then told both of the founder and his first disciples as to the way in which, wandering about unrecognized, they exposed themselves often to ill-treatment, to neglect, and even brought trouble upon themselves by their extraordinary manner of life. Yet it was in this guise that they were able to perform miracles, and then to win the hearts of their numerous followers.

These were the mediators between God and man, for by their life and by their meditations they were able to ascend above and commune with the angels, and their own actions re-acted upon the Divine Favor and brought down abundance of grace. It is through their merit that the world is able to exist, and those who follow them and put their faith in them share in their merit. It is a kind of apotheosis of the poor and the meek, and it places the action of the spiritually exalted far above the teaching of the scholar who is guided only by cool reason, and who, while he cultivates his mind, may allow his heart to starve. In one form or another one could find parallels more or less closely resembling this teaching among the founders and leaders of other faiths, notably in Christianity and Buddhism ,but the difference is profound, inasmuch as the individual element of the founder, his personality, plays no rôle whatsoever. There is no worship of the Zaddik among the Chasidim; he is human and remains human, and no apotheosis has even been hinted at. Moreover in the former cases the mystical part of the teaching led the people away from the world, whilst among the Chasidim this doctrine of the love divine which reached the votaries through the intermediary of the Zaddik, reconciles him not only to the troubles of this world, but causes him to realize in it all the human happiness of which he is capable. Yet there are strong parallelisms, which however

are not the result of direct borrowing. They must be part of the very essence of mysticism, and of the forms in which it manifests itself whenever it re-appears as a living force. Such for instance is the very remarkable fact that the Chasidic doctrine has been propagated mostly by parables and allegories. "The master told the tale," applies with equal force to Israel as to Buddha, and many a conversion of great men, even scholars, has been attributed to the effect which these stories and allegories had upon them.

Slowly the number of apostles grew, some profound scholars, some deep thinkers, who have carried the message of the Master far and wide.

To the people, the world was transformed. The impossible became henceforth possible, for there was nothing which a Zaddik could not accomplish, as he was specially favored by God. Was he not heir to the great Merit of the Master? Did he not commune with the powers above? This was not a magical performance, but it flowed out direct from that abundant grace for which he became the selected vessel. His prayers reached direct the Divine throne. There was no occasion and no reason for despair. Whatever trouble would beset a man, an appeal to the Zaddik would remove it; even the difficulties of daily life could easily be encompassed if only the Zaddik so willed it. It was a wonderful transformation which took place. It brought back gaiety, satisfaction, and hope to men and women who had only learned to weep and to deplore the miserable uncertain life they were leading.

The Chasidim followed therein also a direction given by the Master, inasmuch as they filled life with music. Where only birds had been singing or wolves had been howling, human voices also began to ring out in tuneful melody. It was a curious sight to behold the Chasidim accompanying all their ceremonies, the usual services, with music and even dancing. The rhythm appealed to them also as a means toward that exaltation so necessary for the true spiritual fervor of their worship. These tunes are very characteristic,

and they carry us back to the East, and to olden times, when every religious ceremony was accompanied by dancing and music, again with the difference that with the Jews and the Chasidim, it never reached the frenzy of the Bacchanalia and certainly not the orgies of the Dionysia, but there is mirth and song and joy and happiness in it. For those who feed on the countenance of the Zaddik, are often as poor as dormice, but are sustained by hope and faith. There is one more feature which is reminiscent of olden times, yet there is no historical connection between them, but from a psychological point of view it is of the deepest interest. The Agapae, the friendly conviviums, first round the sacrifice, then round the common table graced by the master, find their counterpart in the convivial assembly presided over by the Zaddik on Sabbath and festivals. There he divides the remnants of the meal of which he has partaken among the followers, and it is the height of bliss to obtain a morsel of that sanctified food. This is a special feature of the Sabbath meals, and is the culminating point in the life of a devoted Chasid. To have partaken of the same food is an inspiration—a certainty of the Divine Favor, which will be bestowed upon him through the intervention of the Adored Master.

In more modern times there has arisen among the Chasidim a peculiar theory of inherited Merit. The Divine spark lit up chosen souls of the Master and his first pupils, who were selected originally by Grace in order to become the carriers of this new mystical message of fervor and zeal, exultation and devotion, coupled with simplicity, which uplifted the lowly and strengthened the weak. According to the new doctrine, these sparks can only be re-incarnated in the direct descendants of the first teachers. Thus the number of wonderful Zaddikim, and wonder-working men who have reached that position, not by selection, but by birth, has grown very considerably, and not a few of them have proved unworthy clay vessels for a sublime soul.

On the other hand, the opposition of the scholars has now given way to a more sympathetic understanding. The two sections have begun to draw closer to one another. The holy flame is beginning to burn low, and the waters of the river from Paradise are beginning again slowly to sink into the ground. Yet for all that, that work of spiritual emancipation and of spiritual exaltation, which was aroused by the Chasidic movement, has left indelible traces in the life of the modern Jews. It has freed them from morbid introspection; it has saved them from despair. In the face of unparalleled suffering, it has deepened the natural optimism of the Jew. It has proved the unlimited power of unquestioning faith in the love of God for His creatures; and of the possibility of man to reach the Divine by humility, piety, and above all, by serving God with a joyful, gladsome heart.

This Chasidic movement, regarded from an historic point of view, started just at the parting of the ways. A new era was coming of political emancipation when the Jews would be called to participate to the full in the modern life of the nations of the world. It was the real parting of the ways, and to some extent it prepared the mind for the new changes which were coming. It is a question whether the Jews themselves were conscious of that fact, or whether they realized the effect of that movement in the manner described—but looked at from the historic point of view, there cannot be any doubt that it had a fructifying effect in its positive and negative aspects. On the one hand, it prepared them for changed conditions of life, and it put a check on the growing legal sophistry; and on the other hand, it was a warning against exaggerated spiritual exaltation and mystical aberration, which might lead them away from that moral sanity so characteristic of the Jewish faith.

ANTI-COMBINATION LAWS RUIN

By MATTHEW WOLL

THE fundamentals underlying the problems of industry today do not differ greatly from those of several centuries past. Then industry was of a simpler form, less extensive, less complex. Today we have a highly organized and extensively developed system of industrialism and commercialism of international magnitude. Necessarily our present day problems are more numerous and more complex, but the underlying fundamentals are alike to a very large degree.

Likewise our methods of dealing with and in finding a solution for existing industrial problems do not vary greatly from the measures and policies applied several centuries past. Indeed our greatest difficulty in the solving of existing problems is because of our insistence to adhere to old methods, tried and found wanting. Industry now and then is entangled and entailed in a network of restrictions and regulations which exercise a very important influence over our inner and outer industrial life. Then as now we had laws intended to express ideas common to both workmen and employers, and regulations intended for the guidance of workmen and employers alone which found expression in their application contrary to the original purpose for which they had been designed.

Industry is conducted no longer on an individual basis. Corporate entities, large and small, creations of the State and endowed with attributes not possessed by the individual, are dominating our industrial, commercial and financial life. Organization and combination is the new order of the times.

The power and growth of corporate activity has been tremendous. No manifestation of life is unaffected by its influence and sway.

In the formative period of large and powerful combinations of wealth and corporate bodies, great apprehension was felt. Much opposition was voiced against the new order that was being ushered in. The fear of overpowering mastery by large capitalistic corporate combinations expressed itself in varying forms of legislation intended to retard, to check, to prevent the operation of economic laws and tendencies.

All these efforts have been in vain. Like the ancient laws to regulate trade by corporations, our present anti-trust and anti-combination laws have diverted but have not checked this rising tide of organization and combination. In spite of all legislative restraints the world abounds with corporate life. No nation has attempted so vigorously to prevent the formation and growth of combinations as America; no nation can boast today of such large and powerful combinations of industry, commerce and finance. The industrial and commercial development of our nation is the highest tribute that can be paid to the monumental fallacy of our legislators in trying to hold in check by legal edict the mighty forces of economic progress.

The pages of history reveal not only puerile attempts made by legislative power to check the forces of combinations of wealth and of employers—they disclose likewise dark pages of ignorance, of prejudice, of futility in attempting to prevent by legislative and judicial decrees the development of social forces amongst the workers, and the combinations of workmen, made essential in an ever-growing life of industrialism.

Most conspicuous amongst these attempts were the combination laws and conspiracy doctrines—laws and doctrines making it illegal for workmen to combine to raise wages or to strike.

"We have no Acts of Parliament" said Adam Smith, "against combinations to lower the price of work, but many against continuing to raise it." In another passage he describes a strike as ending "in nothing but the punishment or ruin of the ringleaders." Cobbet said the same thing in more vehement language. "There was a turn-out last winter," he writes, after a visit to the clothiers of the west of England some half century after the period in which Adam Smith wrote, "but it was put to an end in the usual way; the constable's staff—the bayonet—the gaol."

Practically the same objective is aimed for today. Like methods, modernized of course, are used in the attempt to prevent organizations and combinations of workmen to raise wages, to lessen the hours of toil, to improve the conditions of work, to raise the standards of life. The law of individual contracts, conspiracy and anti-combination laws, injunctive decrees, the policeman's club, the constabulary's rifle, the private gunman, all these devices are in constant operation and are used under sanction of law to prevent the overpowering currents of social forces and mighty streams of economic laws and tendencies from proceeding uninterruptedly on their way. In this field of endeavor we find erected also a huge monument designating a desuetude state of mind of centuries past and which our modern legislators and juridical emancipators would now revive and resurrect. Despite all the powers of government and of organized industrial commercial and financial forces our nation abounds with trade union organizations, combinations and federations of labor. All these attempts, like the efforts of the past, to restrain, to hold in check these mighty forces of organization are like attempting to prevent the rise and fall of the tides.

It is well that we should recognize facts and tendencies and deal with them intelligently. Nothing is gained in whittling away time in a useless effort to bolster up a broken and ill-founded dam that can never be made to check the onward currents of growth and progress. All attempts to

check or restrain by law what economic forces have always commanded to proceed, are doomed to failure from their inception. While individualistic in character, we are living today in an era of organization and combination. Individual effort has given way to group action. Co-operation is fast taking the place of competition. If we are to grow and prosper as a people it is first essential that legal equality and independence shall be accorded to workmen and employers alike, and that the state shall no longer attempt to be the arbiter, but the co-operator in our industrial life.

Industrial freedom, too, and protection in the exercise of collective bargaining between associated employers and workmen, organized into trade unions, is of the highest importance to our national well-being and prosperity. The political rights of man enumerated in the Declaration of Independence must be extended to include the economic and industrial rights of workmen. The right to industrial organization must be as freely accorded to workmen as the right to political combination, if the Declaration of Independence is not to be a hollow mockery and a shield for industrial insubordination.

Grave apprehensions are expressed, pictures of disastrous consequences are drawn, should we now recognize as truth what is actually going on. To permit associated employers and organized workmen to combine and agree how the industry, in which they have given the service of their lives, shall be operated, is still erroneously looked on with awe and horror. Combinations between associated employers and united workmen to save an industry from destruction, from bankruptcy, to assure employers a fair margin of profit, to workers a fair compensation for services contributed, to benefit the public by elimination of waste, unfair competition in production, distribution and sale, and to inculcate a mutual spirit of economy, efficiency of production and helpfulness, are still viewed from the single standpoint that combined avarice may develop, and that the great public may be impoverished.

As a matter of fact, combinations do now exist within and without the law. The difficulties of preventing such combinations are clearly pointed out in the latest report of the Federal Trade Commission recently made public by President Harding. Perhaps the most intelligent governmental expression ever made upon these great problems is the recommendation of the Federal Trade Commission, that not the greatest good will come through prosecution or driving combinations to operate under cover of some seemingly legal device, but to make public all vital statistics of every basic industry, including ownership, production, distribution, cost, sales and profits. To compel men to struggle individually for survival in a life of organization is to arouse hatred, resentment, contempt. Subordination to legal laws in conflict with economic forces is driving men to disrespect and to disregard the law and to find means, legal or otherwise, to rise with the economic tide.

Large scale production is an inevitable phase of industrial evolution of human progress. Co-operation will no more return to competition having once learned the superior advantages of combination, than a child will return to crawling once it has learned to walk. Competition, said to be "the life of trade" is more often "the death of trade," and works an irreparable injury to industrial communities. More often it results in fluctuations of prices, lowering of wages, loss of investments, lengthening of working hours, depression in business and unemployment. Reasonable stability in prices, payment of an adequate wage commensurate with the service rendered, and improvements in production, are the basis of a prosperous trade and a successful industrial nation.

Association among employers, organization among workers, and co-operation between these two elemental forces in industry will render possible economies in production, distribution, and sale not attainable in any other way. Rightfully applied, such an arrangement and combination will make possible the utilization of by-products, steadier

employment, higher wages, lessening of accidents, lowering of costs with a proportionate decrease in the prices of necessities and commodities, and will secure for our people a more effective command of international trade.

Large scale production, organization of employers and workmen, and co-operation between these forces are the foundation stones for a successful modern industry—a fact recognized by all the great nations of the world, with the exception of our own country. Under the cattel system of Germany, employers may associate, workmen may form into trade unions, and both may combine and agree upon wages, hours, working conditions and the fixing and enforcing of agreed prices. Under the cattel system, industry is left to those best qualified by fitness and experience—the government merely reserving the authority to supervise prices and prevent abuses of combined organized power.

In England all laws against combinations, intended to perpetuate competition, failed utterly. The Trade Union Act is a legislative recognition of the fallacy of all former attempts to restrain the operation and development of economic laws. This act confirms the right of organization to employers and workmen, and permits co-operation between these groups for the purposes of improving the conditions of work and promoting the interests of industry.

Before the passing of the Act of 1876 there might have been some doubt as to whether a society imposing restrictive conditions with regard to the transaction of business was a trade union. This doubt led to the passing of Section Sixteen of the Act of 1876, specifically permitting employers' associations and trade unions to combine for the purpose of "imposing restrictive conditions on any trade or business."

The terms of the statutory definition are very wide. In order to show a combination does not come under its provisions, it is not sufficient to prove that the regulations imposing restrictive conditions on any trade are only such as are necessary to secure results beneficial to such trade. Thus

combinations which fix the rate at which companies federated to the association may charge for their goods, are held legal as coming properly under the provisions of the Trade Union Act.

In Australia, only such agreements and trade combinations as operate "to the detriment of the public" are prohibited. Combinations between associated employers and organized workers are permitted, not to fix wages, hours and conditions of work alone, but may also regulate and enforce prices which shall not operate "to the detriment of the public." In other words, combinations to regulate the industry are not illegal per se. Only the abuses of combinations are prohibited by law.

Under this act, an arrangement between mine owners and the mine workers' union was worked out consisting of two agreements, called the vent agreement and the shipping agreement. The one provided for the fixing of uniform prices for coal taken from the field, allotting the total trade between the members in certain proportions, and limiting the output of various collieries to the allotted proportion. The shipping agreement was entered into between shipping companies and the collieries, making the former the selling agents of the collieries for interstate trade with exclusive agreements on each side and with certain price limiting provisions. The court, in passing judgment on these agreements, taken separately or together as part of a single scheme, decided not only that these agreements were legal, but pointed out clearly and forcibly the recognized advantages to industry, commerce and the public in certain agreements in restraint of trade, especially in the form of trade unions.

The court continued and said:

"It was also strongly urged that in the term 'detriment to the public' the public means the consuming public, and that the Legislature was not contemplating the interest of any persons engaged in the production or distribution of articles of consumption. Their Lordships do not take this view, but the matter is really of little importance, for in considering the

interests of consumers it is impossible to disregard the interest of those who are engaged in such production and distribution. It can never be in the interests of the consumers that any article of consumption should cease to be produced and distributed, as it certainly would be unless those engaged in its production or distribution obtained a fair remuneration for the capital employed and the labour expended."

In our own country the officers of the United Mine Workers of America have been indicted under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law merely because of their insistence upon collective agreements with associated employers relating to wages, hours and working conditions. Here we find that anti-combination laws and conspiracy doctrines, originally intended to check and curb combinations of wealth and associations of employers in regulating industry, have and are being used successfully only against trade unions of workmen—a purpose wholly foreign to those laws when originally enacted.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law was never intended to apply to trade unions. They have been the only organizations successfully prosecuted under it. The Sherman Law was intended to restrain combinations of wealth and of employers. Today we have a greater concentration of wealth and more effective associations of employers than ever heretofore. The labor sections of the Clayton Law were specifically enacted to exempt labor organizations from the operation of the Sherman Law. This exemption has been almost entirely destroyed by the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Duplex Printing Machinery Company case.

In New York State the courts ruled that the photo-engravers did not come under the provisions of the Donnelly Anti-Business Law, and that this craft rendered a service and did not create a commodity of common use. The court held that the organization of workmen, of employers and their co-operative effort to protect and promote the craft were not only legal but laudable in that they had brought harmony and stability into the craft where formerly chaos,

contention and disorder were found. At the solicitation of a small but powerful group of newspaper and trade publishers, a suppliant legislature was appealed to. As a consequence the advanced view of the courts of at least one state has been recalled because of old prejudices and misconceptions upon those great problems.

The American wage earners have long experienced the dangers of all anti-combination and conspiracy laws and doctrines. They are fully familiar with the economic laws and tendencies which govern industry and the development of industry. They have come to recognize the fallacy of attempting to stem the tide of progress and advancement by law. They have come to know that old methods for the solving of present day problems are no more effective today than they were yesterday. They have declared that in the light of existing economic laws and industrial tendencies we must leave behind us a system of law, of court decisions, and decrees of a decadent age, annul our existing anti-combination and conspiracy policies, and substitute in place a system of co-operative effort between associated employers and workmen organized into trade unions.

It must be clear to every student of the history of our industrial development that after all, it is the men and women in industry who are best able to solve the present day industrial and commercial problems, and that there is a field of human activity where the intervention of the government, whether it be through the legislative, judicial or executive branch, will cause more harm than good. What is thus apparent to all right thinking people should be clearly and forcibly impressed on all who attempt to express the mandates of the government through law. If we are to progress and to prosper as a nation, the people of our time must free themselves from the jungle of laws and doctrines founded upon and suitable only to a simple and primitive system of industrial organization.

AUSTRIA'S PLEA TO AMERICA*

By MICHAEL HAINISCH,
President of the Austrian Republic

WHILE I am penning these lines in compliance with your invitation, the delegates of the Finance Committee of the League of Nations are at work in Vienna deliberating together with the Austrian government about a scheme the ultimate aim of which is to get Austria international credits for the re-establishment of an equilibrium in her public budget. We are hopeful that the efforts of the League of Nations will succeed. In any case, we gratefully acknowledge the fact that the attitude of the victorious Great Powers towards Austria has undergone a fundamental change. They have ceased to be our enemies not only technically, but they are evidently sympathetic and have our welfare at heart.

This change of feeling in the authoritative quarters is probably due to the growing realization of the actual position of Austria, and the fact that the peace of St. Germain matured effects which we are safe to assume were not intended by the victorious Great Powers.

To understand these effects it is well to consider the history of the late Austria.

The former Austro-Hungarian monarchy was one of the most singular formations of history. Not natural geographical conditions, not sameness nor similarity of nations, but a peculiar coincidence in the dynastic succession welded this

* This important article on the historic elements that went to make up that part of Europe that was known before the war as Austria-Hungary, and on the economic conditions there today, has been written especially for THE FORUM by Federal President Dr. Michael Hainisch, chief executive of present-day Austria, and one of the leading statesmen of Europe.

monarchy. In 1526 the King of Hungary fell in battle against the Turks, and, as fate willed it, he was the same man who, owing to a chain of circumstances, had been also the King of Bohemia. Now the medieval covenants of succession which puzzle us to-day resulted in these two countries, which were inhabited by two nationalities absolutely divergent in race and civilization, becoming the inheritance of the Hapsburgs. The Hapsburgs owned a loose group of mountain territories which were largely inhabited by Germans, but in the south, also by Slavs and Italians. This was the origin of that most curious phenomenon, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, to which, in consequence of the disastrous dismemberment of Poland (which, by the way, the wise empress of Austria, Maria Theresa, strongly opposed), parts of Poland were added. The last acquisition of the Hapsburgs, who were always on the lookout for new lands, was Bosnia and Herzegovina, a country which had formerly belonged to Turkey, for the most part inhabited by Serbs, situated at the meeting point of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and the Balkans. This territory became, from its occupation by Austria-Hungary in 1879, the apple of discord between Serbia and the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and it was here that the Hapsburg Crown Prince fell a victim to a Serbian assassin—the well-known immediate occasion of the world war.

Variegated as Austria-Hungary was in its racial composition, heterogeneous as was her geographical configuration, she had, in other respects, conditions of vitality, a fact unfortunately overlooked in the Peace Treaty. She was economically a close-knit body, having almost all the raw materials as far as they are produced in Europe and thus forming a well-balanced economic unit, with Vienna as its business center and commercial capital. Vienna was the seat of all the great banking houses and limited companies, Vienna was the head of that stream of capital which fertilized all the nations, especially the Slav countries. It is a fact that most commercial and industrial enterprises had their centers

in Vienna, while a large number of factories were situated in those countries which, at present, are separated from Austria.

The way of provisioning Austria was also peculiar. Vienna, the big center of commerce and industry, lived comfortably and easily on the surplus production of the vast plains which surround it to the north and east. The Alpine regions whose inhabitants made a living by their own industries or by accommodating the many strangers who came there as to a summer resort, were hardly able to provision themselves and were absolutely unable to spare anything for Vienna.

Of the large monarchy with its fifty-two million inhabitants, no more than six million are left. The vast, fertile plains, where the coal deposits and the oil springs are, have been allotted to Poland, Hungary, Jugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia. The Austria of to-day is composed of rough, not very fertile mountainland (in part high peaks with bare wide-stretched masses of rock and glacier), and of Vienna with its two million inhabitants. Now, it is true that Vienna has kept its big banks, its commercial centers, and its trade; yet a large number of factories that belonged to the Viennese are now situated in other states; trade is crippled, owing to a whole system of prohibitions and duties originating with the neighboring states which interfere with the transports to Vienna, and owing to the lack of transportation. To this must be added the facts that the population is exhausted in consequence of several years of famine and its efficiency greatly reduced, that the most vigorous men perished in the war or in captivity, and that the Austrians had to offer homes to refugees who, on account of their German nationality, were expelled from the States of Succession.

It is easy to see that the severing of millions of threads which unite people into a common state must needs be followed by an enormous dislocation of the economic life. This dislocation is the more drastic, when a country poor in itself is robbed of its former resources, and is, at the

same time, burdened with the largest part of those charges which the unprecedented war had entailed on a state four times its present size.

For the late great empire to readjust itself to a small state of six million inhabitants requires time, and is unthinkable without the help of countries rich in capital. A large portion of our population has pinned its faith to the dogma of joining a new economic area, and is eager to coalesce with Germany, not only from national, but also from economic reasons. This movement points to the fact that Austria, since the dawn of her history, that is, since 972, until 1866, constituted a part of the German empire.

From this brief survey the American reader will be able to form an opinion of the political and economic position of the Austrian republic—of the enormous difficulties which its government has to overcome—and of the distress prevailing among large sections of its population. In this our distress the relief afforded us by the Americans on truely American lines has been a wonderful consolation. The name of Herbert Hoover is, in Austria, one of the greatest recorded in history. The whole American nation, by its innumerable acts of charity, has not only saved the lives of a very great number of Austrian children, but has also saved a great many adults from death by slow starvation.

I cannot, therefore conclude an article for an American periodical of high standing more appropriately than by forwarding to our American benefactors through this channel our heartiest thanks.

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

JAMES BRYCE AND MODERN DEMOCRACIES*

By JOSEPH HAMBLEN SEARS

HERE and there throughout history there appears a man with a mind so simple, and at the same time so profound that nothing is too unimportant for his attention and nothing is too abstruse for him to make clear to others. At whatever period, in whatever country, he lives he approaches the vital questions of his day with an immense capacity for detail and a profound wisdom which separates or combines these details and produces conclusions that are not only intelligible to any reader, but that influence mankind thereafter to new and other standards.

Anyone can list these minds to his own satisfaction, but few would omit King David and Julius Caesar, Plato and Aristotle, Gibbon and Hume. David fought as generals have seldom fought in history. He governed as it has been given to but few to rule. What he wrote stands today amongst the greatest writings in any literature of any period. Caesar fought a campaign in Gaul which is hardly equalled in the history of warfare, and in the nights between his battles he wrote their history in a form so clear, so simple, so profound that his story is the best example of all Latin literature, is given to the young to read because of its simplicity, and is studied by the student of military operations, of government, and of literature. Plato laid the basis of all philosophy in his writings. Thousands of years have passed;

*"Modern Democracies," by James Bryce; The MacMillan Company, 2 Vols., $10.50.

thousands of wise men have written since his day; the world has changed as neither he nor any other human being could in his wildest dreams imagine it would change. And yet his writings are still the foundation of what we call philosophy, as much today as when he wrote them in Greece. Gibbon has drawn a picture of the greatest empire that ever existed filled with myriads of men great and good, mean and base, through a thousand years of the life of practically the whole civilized world amidst changes in manners, customs, government and religion such as had not taken place before and have not taken place since; and he makes it as clear and simple as if it were a text book for children, yet so profound in its conclusions that nothing of the sort has equalled it before or since.

So others might be included, the men whose writings would be given in a list of the great works of all time, the five-foot bookshelves, the hundred best books, whatever they might be called, but all alike bearing the argument that if these writers are studied and absorbed there is after all little else that is necessary. They are the prime colors of the world; the rest is but a collection of shades made from them. They are the foundation of the house; the rest is only paint and plaster and decoration.

These rare minds have the same characteristics. They are always simple and straightforward; there is never an attempt to befog an issue; it is seldom that they permit themselves the luxury of a didactic settlement of any question; there is invariably an immense capacity for the accumulation of detailed information before any opinion is offered, and an appalling exhibition of concentration day by day throughout years. And there is finally a rare wisdom that assembles all these collected facts, these innumerable details, and digests them for the benefit of those who come after into conclusions so simply stated that one is only too apt to forget how profound they are.

Viscount Bryce has a mind of this character; and his writings take and will doubtless hold their place amongst

the works of such men. His "Holy Roman Empire," his "American Commonwealth," and now this new contribution on "Modern Democracies," form a group of conclusions having to do with the rights of the individual in his relations to other individuals, of the growth of the government of the people, by the people, for the people, throughout history—that is without its equal in any literature. These three works give to any reader, therefore, a comprehensive view of the history of democratic government in simple yet complete form—the results of a long life of study in books and amongst men so thoroughly digested that any one may understand, though only the best informed can guess at the amount of time and labor and brains their accomplishment has entailed. It is more than interesting that in this day of ours when men, as always, strive for power and wealth for what these will produce in immediate comforts, there should appear a man who cares for neither, who has governed Ireland, who has been a member of the House of Commons for thirty-five years, who has held positions in the British Cabinet, been ambassador of the British Empire, who has traveled the world over not for the power and influence which such positions might bring to him, but merely for the purpose of acquiring information and first-hand knowledge as to the life of his kind in different parts of the earth; so that with the assistance of his immense reading he might set down in books the conclusions he had reached. And now at the age of eighty-three, still hale and hearty, he publishes a work that takes its place as a standard the moment it appears.

Somebody a short time ago called this new work on democracies a great piece of reporting. That is unfortunate. It suggests that he who wrote the criticism has missed the didactic conclusions which he perhaps expected, and which frequently appear in the works of writers who know less, and therefore feel less doubt as to the correctness of their own conclusions. It suggests, too, that the critic may have been misled by the simplicity of Lord Bryce and failed to absorb the isolated sentences which here and there in the text

suggest conclusions reached after three quarters of a century of study. Perhaps it would be committing as grave an error to attempt an analysis of these two volumes. In order to avoid this danger it may suffice to speak only of some of the portions of the work which refer to our own country.

The author has divided his subject into three parts: the consideration of pure Democracy itself, a discussion of the democracies of antiquity coupled with separate chapters on the United States, France, Switzerland, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the South American Republics, and finally a third section which comprises conclusions and reflections upon the foregoing. The general note struck in the work seems to be that democratic government in the different forms it assumes now and has assumed in the past has been and will be successful only when the people who compose its citizenship are sufficiently educated and sufficiently conscious of their responsibility to their state as voters to make it so; that when the average of education is not sufficiently high, or the individual's sense of responsibility is weak, or both, then democracy is and will be a failure. The democracies supposed to be existing in Central and South America are in fact not democracies at all, or only so in a partial sense, because the education of the average man is not sufficient, nor is his interest in and sense of responsibility to his government sufficiently aroused. It appears also that in our own country a democracy can scarcely be said to exist when we consider that in the southeastern portion of the United States some millions of citizens are not permitted to vote any more than were the slaves of Rome. Furthermore it is a matter at least for discussion as to whether we are in reality governed by a democracy at all when it is borne in mind that the voters in the United States are only given the power to choose one from amongst perhaps two or three candidates who have been selected for any particular office by an oligarchy of political leaders.

Modern democracies vary, therefore, as the quality of their citizenship varies. They thrive or perish, move for-

ward or backward as the individual progresses or deteriorates. And it would not be safe to say that Democracy as represented by existing republics under more or less universal suffrage has made a greater success of government than have monarchies, or oligarchies, or autocracies.

That is a somewhat startling conclusion for a man to reach who has given more study and is better fitted to reach a correct estimate upon the subject than anyone else alive today. It arrests the attention of those of us who go about our daily business here in this country in the year 1921 under the impression that we are carrying on the most enlightened government the world has ever known.

There is furthermore much interest and some surprise for many of us in following the author in his careful and unbiased examination of the facts connected with some of the characteristics of democracies. The basis of the American Republic, for example, was laid by those who emigrated from Europe and settled in Jamestown and Plymouth in order that they might govern themselves and worship as they were not permitted to do in Europe. In time the United States was created by a revolt from the mother country because amongst other things the American colonies objected to taxation without representation. One of the first tenets of the American Constitution thus evolved was therefore the statement that all citizens should have the right to vote. That was in 1789. In the year 1921 there is a measure proposed to the Federal Congress requiring any man or woman who fails to vote to pay a fine of five dollars. In the short space of one hundred and thirty-two years it appears that in this democracy of ours the attitude toward the vote has changed. It is a long stride from being willing to give one's life in a struggle to secure the right to vote, to discovering that that vote is so lightly held in public esteem that we must impose a fine upon the citizens in order to get them to come to the polls at all!

Another instance is perhaps still more interesting to us here in America. Next to the right to vote as to how he

shall be taxed, the citizen of the United States considered the right of free speech his greatest step towards freedom and self government. For centuries man had been subjected to the censorship of his more powerful neighbors in some form or other. The right of free speech, therefore, the freedom of the press, was and perhaps still is the second great benefit which modern democracies have bestowed upon mankind. Even this was secured only after many a struggle and much bloodshed. But it was at last achieved and the press became free.

Now, after a hundred years or more, it is again a question for discussion as to whether the liberty of any man to say what he likes in the press has produced or is producing what those who fought and died for that privilege fondly hoped for and thought they foresaw. Today under the right of free speech any man may, for example, purchase a dozen or two dozen newspapers and, by reiterating statements daily in all of these, create public opinion upon any one subject which may be contrary to the spirit of the times or to the sober second thoughts of a majority of the people. Or again, a group of business interests may purchase one or more newspapers for the sole purpose of advancing some candidate for high office in order that through him they may expect to secure special advantages to themselves. This process of creating public opinion has become so common on account of the right of free speech that there exist at the present moment concerns called publicity agents, or bureaus, whose sole business it is to create public opinion on any subject for so many dollars. During the European War this method was used for promoting the sale of Liberty bonds and for other perfectly proper purposes as well as for distinctly improper purposes, and was known as "propaganda." It has often been maintained since the day when Cato kept repeating that Carthage must be destroyed, that if any one made a statement often enough and long enough, somebody would eventually believe it, whether it happened to be true or not. And the right of any one to say what he likes in and

out of print, provided such statements are not treasonable, has led to the use of modern newspapers in our day for molding public opinion in many instances for the benefit of individuals or groups of individuals, at the expense not only of truth but of the common good. While a discussion of the subject is impossible here it is interesting to consider, under the guidance of the philosophic author of "Modern Democracies," as to how far after all the right of free speech has accomplished, or is likely to accomplish in the future, just what those who struggled to attain it believed it would accomplish; and on the other hand whether a censorship would correct these modern abuses, or create a situation less endurable.

Still again, the basic law that once a question has been discussed it shall be settled by a majority vote, comes under Lord Bryce's notice in a somewhat new light. The town meeting, or any other form of local government which may exist in a democracy, conducts its business in that fashion and has done so since Plato and Aristotle lived. There has never been a doubt in the minds of believers in democracies that the majority shall rule and that the minority shall accept the will of the majority as controlling. Nevertheless in our own country at the present moment minorities are not only claiming the right to have their views enforced upon the majority, but are willing to kill one another to maintain that right, to very much the same extent that their ancestors fought and killed their fellow beings in order to establish the right of majorities to control. All labor unions are minorities demanding the right to rule. All associations of corporations in the same business are minorities endeavoring to rule. All appeals to the so-called "direct action" on the part of any body of men, the demand of a group that the government shall take certain action or they will fight, are minorities demanding the right to rule.

Finally, not to go too far into a discussion of the different features of this remarkable work, it has been in many instances the first statement of documents relating to the

government of democracies that all men are born equal. It is the opening sentence of our own Declaration of Independence. And yet there can scarcely be any one of intelligence who would maintain this in our day. Could it be possible any one would assert that as a rule the son of three generations of mental defectives, or criminals, or totally ignorant, uneducated ancestors could be the equal of the son of three generations of educated, intelligent, normal human beings? And if not, is it really right and proper that each of these descendants should have exactly the same power in deciding how the country which their ancestors founded shall be governed?

It would appear, therefore, that the success of a government in accomplishing its purpose of giving citizens or subjects the greatest opportunities for the pursuit of happiness, has not in history depended so much upon its form as upon the character of the individuals who constitute the nation which it serves. There have existed monarchies, oligarchies and autocracies, as well as democracies, which have been for a time what may be called successful; and yet all these forms at one time or another have proved to be disastrous failures. Theoretically a democracy blessed with equal and universal suffrage wherein the people govern themselves by means of a decree of the majority would seem to promise most for all concerned. And yet the abuses to which democracy has been and is today subjected in different parts of the world are as evil in their effects as any of the abuses that have taken place under other forms of political organization. The character of the government does not seem so much to control as does the character of the citizens living under it. If their sense of personal and public responsibility is high, the government will be of a high order, whatever its form.

Judging from the history of democracies, it is safe to say that this form of government has not proved itself a panacea for the evils which flesh is heir to, nor has it shown itself proof against selfish and immoral attacks by selfish

and immoral tendencies among its citizens. Wars are not over; bribery and usury still exist; dishonesty in high places has not disappeared. Democracy at its best today is, therefore, probably not the last word, though whether from its form or from the character of those who live under it there appear to be more chances for its success than for other known systems of government. It is perhaps also safe to say that the standard of government under a democracy reflects the standard of the people more effectively and more accurately than does any other yet attempted.

Such are some of the suggestions absorbed from a reading of these volumes. Altogether "Modern Democracies" is an epochal work, and comprises with the author's other two books a library upon the philosophy of government that is unsurpassed. It is of course to be read and studied; but far more than either reading or studying is the importance of the peculiar stimulus one gets from it that suggests individual consideration of the changes and developments in our own land and our own time. It is somewhat difficult to state this peculiar stimulus in proper language; but perhaps it is best explained by saying that the association created by communion with the greatest of modern political philosophers through these volumes raises the reader to a better sense of his own responsibility to his government and stirs him on to do his little part towards the healthy development of his native land.

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

THE TRUTH ABOUT M. ANDRE TARDIEU

Paris, June 1, 1921.

THEY say here in Paris that the evil genius of Georges Clemenceau was André Tardieu—that Clemenceau who won the war was led into losing the peace by his friendship for Tardieu. These are sharp and bitter things to say, but when we read M. Tardieu's book as we did on the journey from New York to Paris, it is easy to conceive that a man who so thoroughly misunderstands Americans after years of opportunity to know them, might very readily misunderstand his own people.

It is all quite extraordinary—these books about the peace—men writing apparently out of a suffering consciousness that they alone have encompassed the truth. The Truth about the Treaty is the title that M. Tardieu gives to his book, and as if to encourage him in this assumption, that eminent literary critic, Col. E. M. House, declares in a foreword that if you want the truth, "here it is told by him who knows." Not having forgotten Col. House's delightful biography of himself as taken down by his worshipping amanuensis, D. Howden Smith, we realize that here is one superman acting as a pedestal for another—Pelium on Ossa.

M. Tardieu has written interestingly—but has he told the truth about the Treaty, in the sense of all the truth? We think not, nor do we think the truth about the treaty will be told or can be told by any of the fair gentlemen who participated in that singular disaster. Perhaps it was inevitable that men who had gone through years of war strain should have been unsuited to sit down and calmly rearrange the world. What is amazing is their enormous immodesty, their gigantic self-confidence, and sublime ignorance of their own deficiencies. It was a pure carnival of egotism for which the world is still paying a pretty penny. What has seemed most striking about the men who participated in the making of the Versailles Treaty is their lack of historical sense, as they reveal themselves in their writings about the treaty. Dazed and yet self confident, they behave like fairy children, flitting from mountain crags over deep gorges, and apparently mystified and certainly sometimes angry, that the world has not followed them in their transcendental flights.

M. André Tardieu is the latest one to write the truth about the Treaty, and valuable as his book is as a document, and readable and important because of the prominence of the author, it will disappoint those who hoped for a calm dispassionate analysis.

M. Tardieu is affected with the same megalomania that brought about the downfall of Woodrow Wilson. He understands the whole situation—any other interpretation is false and malicious. On page 79 he gives the reasons for the other nations entering the war:

"Serbia, having made every possible concession, cannot tolerate the substitution of another Power for her own on her own soil. Russia, refusing to renounce the Slav gospel by abandoning Serbia to Austria's extortion. Belgium spurning the cynical offer to betray her word and her friends. Great Britain, too, accepting the challenge to keep faith with a 'scrap of paper.' Group these facts, link them to the past, compare them with Germany's aggression and her methods, 'Necessity knows no law.' It is a conflict between two opposing principles. On one side the nations who put their faith in Might, on the other those who believe in Right. On one side the peoples who seek to enslave, on the other the free peoples who, whether they defend themselves against aggression or whether they come to

the assistance of those attacked, are ready to sacrifice their lives to remain independent, masters of their own affairs at home and of their destinies abroad. . . . In 1915 Italy joins the Allies after laying down the conditions on which she leaves the Triple Alliance. Why? Because from Trentino to Trieste she has heard the voices of the Irredenti calling. In 1916 Roumania comes in. Why? Because from beyond the plains of Transylvania the lament of Magyarized Roumanians had crossed the Carpathian Mountains. In 1917, Greece comes in. Why? Because on the borders of Macedonia, of Thrace, and of Asia Miner she had felt—despite the German leanings of her King—the soul of ancient Hellas stirring."

Again this is what he says of America entering the war: "When she entered the struggle, her war aims were indefinite, but in a few weeks she too understood and had a clear conception of what she was fighting for." Could anything be more contemptuous?

M. Tardieu complains of Keynes, who he maintains has addressed in his book insults to France, her representatives, and her policy. It would be well for him to read John Stuart Mill on liberty of discussion. Surely he cannot assume that there is any reason why the people of America are not free to criticize M. Tardieu and his work. We know of no sacred obligation to accept his dicta as holy writ. He defends the commissions and resents any criticism of them. "It is the conscientious effort of these men that Mr. Keynes has sought to ridicule in his book on the Conference," writes Tardieu. . . . "Rarely was a political undertaking more honestly and more scrupulously prepared. I may add that despite the heat of certain debates all those who took part in it have retained one for another a great mutual esteem, the esteem of men of good faith and good will who, in 'a great adventure,' as Mr. House used to say, had dedicated their minds and their hearts to the most difficult of tasks."

As far as our own representatives are concerned, we knew at the time they were ridiculous, and they have since demonstrated their unfitness in general—with a few exceptions.

Tardieu answers the question as to why all the Powers summoned to Paris did not take part in the elaboration of the Peace, in the following manner:

"There were twenty-seven Allied Powers and four Enemy Powers. The admission of the latter to the preparatory discussions was not even suggested. There remained the Allies. Could they all be asked to sit? Evidently not. First because it would have been a regular parliament, the debates of which would have been interminable; then also because the positions of the various countries were not equal." Reasons none of which are very satisfactory, extenuating a diplomacy that was far from open. Why should there not have been "a regular parliament," the debates of which could have been limited? At least there would have been some discussion.

Tardieu's only criticism of the peace negotiations lies, he says, in the fact that at times things were done too quickly. He speaks of the irritation that was aroused in the minds of the leaders when the press was able to obtain certain information regarding the negotiations which they were not yet ready to divulge to the general public.

"Mr. Lloyd George complains of insinuations published in certain French newspapers. President Wilson goes even further, and although representing a country in which censorship had been abolished immediately following the Armistice, asks that the French censorship should be exercised not only over the French newspapers but also over despatches sent to foreign papers. M. Clemenceau opposes a friendly refusal and the next day, as a hint for forbearance, lays upon the table an extract from the New York Tribune even more lacking in exactness and courtesy. Such incidents reappeared frequently. Towards the end of March, following the publication of articles in l'Echo de Paris, le Journal and le Temps, Mr. Lloyd George indignantly denounced these 'leaks,' and demanded condign punishment. He added:

'If this kind of thing is to go on, I shall cease to take part in the work of the Conference.'"

Tardieu calls this book "The Truth about the Treaty," and yet all he has to say of one of the really vital problems before the commissioners he says in one sentence. "So the Russian question was taken up, with what naive hopes later events have shown."

This is a summary dismissal indeed for so great an international tangle as the Russian situation. Perhaps a great folly of those who have seen the faults of the treaty, is that they have refused to see its virtues. Worse still is to ascribe sinister motives to the men who made it. The splendid figure of the occasion was Clemenceau. Sincere, rugged, appealing, he fought the battle for France in a way that must always endear him to humanity. That the table was not balanced was not his fault. A man as practical as he, of as vigorous a mentality, and as well grounded in history and statesmancraft, speaking for America and her ideals would have evolved a treaty that might have ended the war, instead of continuing it in its most tedious and dangerous form.

Tardieu laments the failure of other nations to understand France—yet it seems easy for him to misunderstand America. He says:

"On the American side, the break with the past was no less worthy of note. Since Washington's Farewell Address, the United States had remained unswervingly faithful to the policy of aloofness from European affairs which the Father of His Country laid down when leaving office. The Monroe Doctrine a few years later gave form and substance to this policy. Mr. Roosevelt often expressed his regret that his fellow countrymen were unable to grasp the significance of world politics. That they

were indeed unable is abundantly proved by the first years of the war. It needed Germany's accumulated provocations and President Wilson's firm decision to enlighten their minds."

An equally absurd judgment of Americans, is his idea of the American view of the Alsace-Lorraine question, to support his conclusion of which he quotes the personal opinion of one man. He writes:

"How often Americans have expressed to me the hope that France would be content with an independent and neutral Alsace-Lorraine! . . . I remember a long discussion I had in August, 1917, with Mr. Walter Lippmann, a member of the Inquiry Office, the official bureau established for the advance study of peace questions. The idea of a plebiscite was so deeply rooted in his mind—the idea of Alsace and Lorraine forming an integral part of France was so perfectly foreign to him—that he had concocted a system of voting by fragments under which the two provinces would be divided into a dozen sections."

The following incident recorded in the book is amusing, though discouraging, typifying as it does the pettiness of the attitude of mind taken at times by Mr. Wilson in this most momentous of all conclaves. He had presented a note which proposed the setting up of a commission of arbitration to settle the differences between the French mines, and the German government. M. Clemenceau refused to consider it. Of this situation, Tardieu writes:

"No conclusion is reached. The atmosphere is tense. Since March twenty-seventh the minor officials at the Hotel Crillon are nervous. The Chief of the Press Service, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, is particularly active in spreading pessimistic reports. On April sixth, he accuses M. Clemenceau of 'claiming annexations.' The following day, the seventh, the rumor spreads that the President, discouraged, has ordered the George Washington to Brest. The hour is critical."

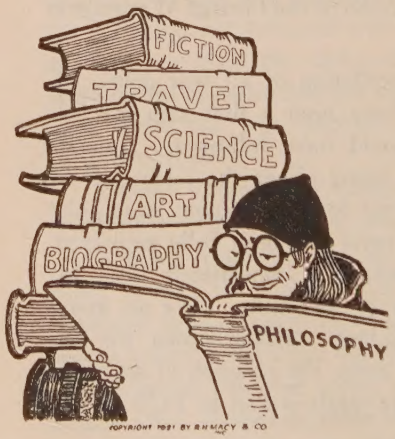
Referring to the proposition of the cancellation of all war debts, M. Tardieu says: "This cancellation would have been a first step towards thoroughgoing financial unity. Others would have followed. America unanimous in not demanding for the time being either the repayment of our debt of three billion dollars, or even the interest thereon, was quite capable of taking such a step, if its consequences had been fully explained. That is what Mr. Wilson intended to undertake immediately after his campaign for the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles. We all know what happened. The illness of the President, stricken down for ten months; the rejection of the Treaty by six votes, the triumph of an opposition which favors American isolation. The result is that in 1920 we are further from our goal than in 1919."

Where M. Tardieu is absolutely correct is in his statement that: "France victorious—I ask my British and American friends never to forget it—has placed under her sovereignty no single human being who was not French body and soul. Within the frontiers of new Europe ethnic minorities have here and there been included for reasons of necessity I have already stated. France consented to forego any such thing, and in a district like the Sarre, considerable parts of which had been French for centuries, she accepted a plebiscite. France has taken no undue advantage of her power. France has claimed only her rights. She issues from war bleeding and weakened, but true to her high ideals."

Where he is absolutely incorrect however is in his statement that "in the United States as elsewhere, everyone at first believed in German victory."

The truth about M. Tardieu is not unlike the truth about Col. House, who was as partial to the mistakes of his master as to his virtues, and perhaps even a little more so. Were their relations merely those of friends, this would have been attractive, but Col. House gave no evidence in his period of power that he represented only Mr. Wilson, and *not* the people of America. Had he been a real, vigorous friend, not only of the President but of the country—had he possessed the stuff of which statesmen are made, what a different page might have been written! But his biography shows that the mad egotism of the master had spread to the suppliant messenger, and that the series of tragic blunders that began with the insulting of Col. Roosevelt was to be carried through to the bitter end with fawning selfishness.

R. H. Macy & Co. Inc.



Maintain the largest and most complete book department in New York City.

Distinctive Styles in Glasses

J. H. MAGUIRE
OPTICIAN

684 Sixth Avenue New Yor
Between 39th and 40th Streets

Our Skill is at Your Service

"BE ONE OF US"

is what Sir Thomas Lipton, the famou yachtsman, said to our head Manager,

Dr. A. S. MACKENZIE

last summer, and so say we to you if yo are or expect to be a teacher in a reputab school or university.

Can you afford to dispense with an ed cational broker who understands teachi as a business?

ALBERT TEACHERS' AGENCY
437 Fifth Ave. New York Ci
(Cor. 39th St.)
For Particulars Write Dept. Y